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Mail

Perpetual Motion

By the REV. JOHN L. CRAVEN—

I am putting up a motor that runs by the use of three-quarter-inch steel balls—nine pounds going up all the time, forty-nine and one-half pounds coming down slowly all the time. The belt that carries the balls up has eighteen dippers holding one-half pound each. Two buckets bring the balls down in bulk. When one is working, the other is empty and idle. It is a stationary motor, and the loading hopper works at a height of thirty-three feet. Is this device perpetual motion?

Oroville, California.

We doubt whether the Rev. Mr. Craven's device is perpetual motion. The weights principle is a familiar one—it has been proved impractical for the purpose on several occasions.

The United States Patent Office will no longer patent a device purporting to be perpetual motion, but various inventors have got

(Continued on page 43)

Show-Girls (See Page 22)

While the wage scale for chorus-girls as stated in the article "Show-Girls" is correct for most of the shows throughout the country, the wage scale in "Red Hot and Blue," Broadway hit, is considerably above the average.—*Editor.*

"I gargle LISTERINE twice a day and have had fewer sore throats"
Says Florence Sundstrom
"It's slick for giving quick relief for sore throat"
Says Ronald Pierce
"I haven't had a cold in the three years I've been using LISTERINE"
Says Albert Herman

Listerine gargle kills millions of germs associated with colds and sore throats

IF you are a regular user of Listerine Antiseptic because you like the wonderful freshening effect, you've probably made this happy discovery: that you have fewer colds and sore throats—and milder ones—than you used to.

Such results are not at all surprising. Remember, that when Listerine Antiseptic is used as a gargle, it kills on throat and mouth surfaces, literally millions of the bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Even 4 hours after its use, tests have shown germ reductions in mouth rinsings ranging up to 64%.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic twice a day—at least during the winter months. See if your health is not better. At the same time note how much cleaner and fresher your mouth is—how much sweeter your breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
The Trustworthy Antiseptic

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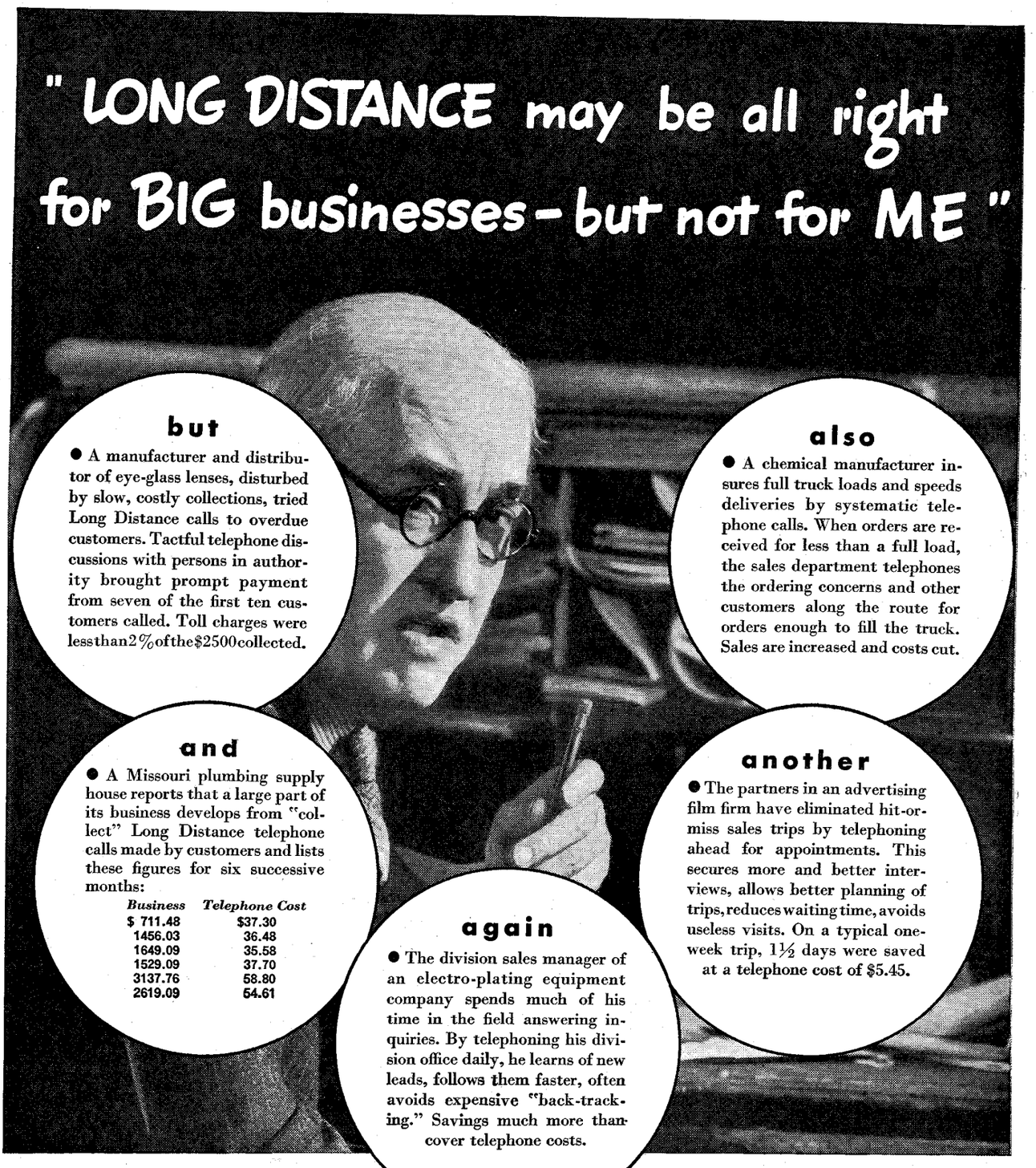
"LONG DISTANCE may be all right for BIG businesses – but not for ME"



but

● A manufacturer and distributor of eye-glass lenses, disturbed by slow, costly collections, tried Long Distance calls to overdue customers. Tactful telephone discussions with persons in authority brought prompt payment from seven of the first ten customers called. Toll charges were less than 2% of the $2500 collected.

also

● A chemical manufacturer insures full truck loads and speeds deliveries by systematic telephone calls. When orders are received for less than a full load, the sales department telephones the ordering concerns and other customers along the route for orders enough to fill the truck. Sales are increased and costs cut.

and

● A Missouri plumbing supply house reports that a large part of its business develops from "collect" Long Distance telephone calls made by customers and lists these figures for six successive months:

Business	*Telephone Cost*
$ 711.48	$37.30
1456.03	36.48
1649.09	35.58
1529.09	37.70
3137.76	58.80
2619.09	54.61

another

● The partners in an advertising film firm have eliminated hit-or-miss sales trips by telephoning ahead for appointments. This secures more and better interviews, allows better planning of trips, reduces waiting time, avoids useless visits. On a typical one-week trip, 1½ days were saved at a telephone cost of $5.45.

again

● The division sales manager of an electro-plating equipment company spends much of his time in the field answering inquiries. By telephoning his division office daily, he learns of new leads, follows them faster, often avoids expensive "back-tracking." Savings much more than cover telephone costs.

Maybe we've talked too much about how large companies use Long Distance telephone service. Some people may have the idea that small businesses don't need it or can't employ it economically. . . . *Actually*, businesses of all sizes have pretty much the same basic problems. And Long Distance is so fast, so *convenient* that it saves just as many days and dollars in proportion for small businesses as it does for big businesses. . . . A few actual instances are given above. You can probably apply Long Distance to your own business just as *profitably*.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK — MARCH 6, 1937

Topics of the day

GREAT BOOM IN STUDENT DRINKING

Teetotal Enforcement in Colleges Appears to Be Crumbling

What is the truth about college drinking?

Ever since Repeal, conflicting reports from wets and drys, from college presidents and student leaders, have painted a picture by turns roseate and drab. Such facts and figures as were presented led to a flask ban last fall at Princeton and other university stadia.

While rumbling grew into thundering demands for reform from educators' offices, drowning out the higher-pitched defense of the students themselves, THE LITERARY DIGEST set out to find the truth.

It sent questionnaire letters to 1,475 college heads, 1,475 student editors and leaders. In 645 pertinent replies, 581 American colleges representing every type of sectarian and non-sectarian school in the country presented their opinions on college drinking in what many of them remarked was the most comprehensive survey of this problem ever made.

Here is what their answers show:

1. Student drinking is on the increase everywhere*; but there is relatively less drunkenness.

2. Students abhor the drunk, admire the man who can drink like a gentleman.

3. One-third of the colleges replying see a great increase in beer drinking, two-thirds see an even greater increase in cocktail and high-ball consumption.

4. A vast majority of college presidents see drinking as a problem in other institutions, but not in their own.

5. Everywhere, teetotal enforcement in colleges appears to be crumbling.

6. The average undergraduate does most of his tippling off the campus.

7. Co-eds and women students in general have lost their moral revulsion against drinking.

8. Most student editors agree that Repeal has aided temperance. The majority favor education *for* drinking, not against it, as a solution for the liquor problem.

9. No matter whether the State or community is wet or dry, students have little trouble in buying what they want to drink.

Nevertheless, when the Anti-Saloon League met for its annual convention in St. Petersburg this week, officials announced that college drinking was "no special problem of theirs." And curiously, the college president who would admit drinking was a problem "of his" was rare.

Wide World

President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford: "Students who drink are like most Americans"

In contrast to the views of the older generation was the candor of most of the student representatives. Examples of conflicting opinions:

President Frederick B. Robinson, College of the City of New York: "There has never been any drinking at our athletic contests and little, if any, at dances on College grounds."

Student Editor Arnold Lerner: "Men at City College pride themselves on their ability to drink anything, anywhere, and at any time. There is only one hallowed Convent Avenue tradition to which a Lavender collegian bows his head, and that is: *Never be found drunk in the President's office.*"

Practically every one of the student editors told of a plentiful use of hard and light intoxicants by the undergraduate body as a whole.

One editor wrote that drinking in his college had increased 500 per cent.

Opinion as to whether or not the general increase was deleterious depended on the correspondent's personal opinions. Many students who had never touched liquor prior to college days, it was disclosed, found social pressure or the new availability of liquor or the safety of government-bonded stock an inevitable incentive to drink moderately. Because liquor could be gotten so easily and with none of that thrill of lawbreaking once prevalent, hardened carousers were drinking more temperately than did their older brothers in the days of bathtub gin.

Replies from different areas bore out these generalizations:

New England—Traditional home of American education, this region slipped into Repeal with lax liquor regulations in its colleges and showed a definite increase in drinking. Harvard and Yale allow drinking in rooms and fraternity houses. Smaller colleges restrict drinking as best they can, but, on or off campus, consumption is general, with slight student sentiment against it.

Women's colleges are most liberal because so many of their students come from cosmopolitan drinking areas. Of thirty-five New England institutions queried, sixteen men's and six women's were definitely wet, eleven men's and two women's

*For the Nation as a whole, Treasury Department figures show the following comparative figures for *per capita* consumption during the period 1910-'14, and in 1935: spirits—1.52 gals. before prohibition, .79 since; beer—.69 bbl. before, .37 since; wine —.63 gal. before, .39 since.

J. BARLEYCORN GOES TO COLLEGE

	Rules on Drinking			Are Rules Observed?			Is Drinking a Problem?		Is Liquor Allowed in Rooms?		Drinking in Fraternities?		Drinking Since Repeal		Students Drinking More Hard or More Light Liquor?		Availability of Liquor in College Communities		Sentiment Against Temperate Drinking in Colleges			Recommendations as to More or Less Restriction of College Drinking	
	Forbidden	Restricted	No Rule	Yes	Moderately	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	More	Less	Hard	Light	Wet	Dry	Tolerant	Indifferent	Teetotal	More	Less
Non-Sectarian Colleges	178	61	31	74	163	24	12	227	55	175	45	94	155	34	124	48	194	43	162	17	47	28	38
Church Colleges	117	16	4	73	54	5	4	106	4	108	3	36	69	10	36	24	83	34	45	1	54	25	14
Women's Colleges	47	7	2	42	12	1	1	48	1	43	—	7	19	8	12	4	25	12	15	—	32	6	5
Junior Colleges	94	21	3	78	41	2	7	102	1	80	—	—	60	8	33	24	71	22	45	—	52	15	12
Totals	436	105	40	267	270	32	24	483	61	406	48	137	303	60	205	100	373	111	267	18	185	74	69

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had occasional or no drinking. As a rule, the larger the college and the higher its academic standing, the fewer its regulations for the consumption of liquor and the less their observance.

Excerpts from letters:

Charles M. Storey, Jr., President, *Harvard Crimson:* "I have no idea where, what and how much undergraduates at Harvard drink, but roughly I should say that they drink anywhere, anything, any time, and as much as they feel like, with due regard to conditions of purse and stomach."

President Daniel L. Marsh, Boston University: "There is not the slightest doubt but that drinking is incomparably worse now than it was during even the worst part of the Prohibition period." Chairman Potter Stewart, *Yale News:* ". . . most students probably drink a good deal less than do their fathers." President K. C. M. Sills, Bowdoin: ". . . many more moderate drinkers to-day." Dean Mary A. Cheek, Mount Holyoke: "Less drinking of the more intoxicating liquors." Student Editor Marianne McNees, Mount Holyoke: ". . . more drinking on dates during week." Samuel T. Arnold, Brown: "One custom which somewhat disturbs us is the custom of drinking at dances." Spokesman for Radcliffe: "No more cases for discipline than during Prohibition." Dean E. C. Marriner, Colby: ". . . no rules until they are broken."

President Guy M. Winslow, Lasell Junior College: "We are dead against it." Student Editor John S. Quinn, Massachusetts State Teachers College: "Students are extremely careful."

President Wallace W. Atwood, Clark: ". . . individuals on the faculty may be more guilty of excessive drinking." President Paul D. Moody, Middlebury, Vermont: "The matter of expense enters in." President Tyler Dennett, Williams: "We do not attempt to police the dormitory rooms." Student Editor John Leard: "Bates has no reputation as a drinking college." President Jesse P. Bogue, Green Mountain Junior College: "They just happen to be the kind of young men and women who do not drink." President Karl T. Compton, Massachusetts Institute of Technology: ". . . less drinking among the students since Repeal. . ." President John A. Cousens, Tufts: "Dormitory liquor rule is rather frequently honored in the breach."

Middle Atlantic States: Eighty-nine Middle Atlantic colleges reported; forty-six men's and three women's colleges wet; twenty-eight men's and twelve women's dry. Women's colleges are the drier group and generally have little drinking directly connected with them.

President Clement C. Williams, Lehigh: "There is less drinking of hard liquor." Student Editor Harvey Travis, Bucknell: "Undergraduates as a whole do not know how to drink." President Charles Beury, Temple: "Drinking at dances was once a problem here; we met it by not evading it." Dean F. Metzger, Rutgers: "Our rule is, 'There shall be no liquor served.'" Dean A. R. Warnock, Penn State: "Effective control is through education in manners and morals." Student Editor Johnson Brenneman, Penn State: "Only a minority of women students drink." Student Birger Johnson, Upsala College: "The girls do about seventy-five per cent. as much drinking as the men." Spokesman for Bryn Mawr College: "Students conscientiously handle the question." President Constance Warm, Sarah Lawrence College: "I doubt if girls will ever drink much beer, because they are afraid it will make them fat." President Walter Eullihen, University of Delaware: "I do not think *young* Americans are ever likely to be willing to take the time required for consumption of beer."

Student Editor Edwin H. Beachler, Jr., University of Pittsburgh: "College men drink liquor much like they attend a movie." President G. Morris Smith, Susquehanna University: ". . . excessive drinking is for the most part a secretive matter." President Clarence C. Stoughton, Wagner Memorial Luther College: "Young people are usually more sane in this matter than their elders." Student Editor Frederick G. Meyer, Jr., St. Bonaventure College: "There is more alcoholic beverage consumed, but it is spread over a wider time range." President Ralph Cooper Hutchison, Washington and Jefferson College: "There will be less drinking when the colleges take a clear stand." President James S. Thomas, Clarkson College: "We do not permit liquor in rooms nor in fraternity houses"; Student Editor Leonard Dover, Clarkson: "At Clarkson men drink where they want to . . . very few drink to excess." Robert M. Steele, Pennsylvania State Teachers College: "Most vicious influence is the night-club and road-house." Student Editor Stanley C. Orr, Alfred University: "Ban has little or no effect on drinking habits."

Southeast: Of the sixty-seven colleges reporting from the Southeastern States, twenty-two men's and one women's are wet; thirty-two men's and twelve women's are dry. The large number of junior and church colleges in this region swells the dry figures. In general, small colleges in agricultural districts are dry.

President S. O. Bond, Salem College, West Virginia: "Since Repeal, there has been but little drunkenness." Student Editor Kathleen Fox, Salem: "Students usually drink about two high-balls . . . four or five beers. . ." Dean J. W. Harrelson, North Carolina: "There has been a noticeable decrease in drinking among the student body here. The regulations prohibit drinking or the keeping of liquor in college dormitories and fraternity houses." Student Editor Frank Diggs, American University: "All drinking is done under cover, of course." Student Editor Hubert A. Elliott, Mars Hill College: "Two hundred students have signed a pledge." President J. L. Stauffer, Eastern Mennonite School: "Use of intoxicants strictly prohibited."

President P. E. Monroe, Lenoir Rhyne College: "We have no way of knowing how many blind tigers are within easy reach of our students." Rear Admiral Sellers, United States Naval Academy: "The law forbids selling liquor to Midshipmen or to candidates for admission to the U.S. Naval Academy." President J. Paul Glick, Blackstone College for Girls: ". . . absolute prohibition. Girls who insist upon becoming intoxicated or bringing intoxicating beverages in the school are expelled." Student Editor Scotia Mozingo, Blackstone: "We, the students, do not discuss the girl who is expelled . . . as we realize one makes many thoughtless mistakes in life."

Student Editor L. B. Weber, Washington and Lee University: ". . . if the people of Lexington were as well-mannered in their drinking habits as the students at W. & L., drunkenness in this town would no longer be a police problem." Dean Edward W. Berry, Johns Hopkins: "There has been considerably less drinking since Repeal." President-Emeritus Raymond Binford, Guilford College: "The propaganda for Repeal stimulated drinking among our students." Student Editor Randolph Allen, Atlantic Christian College: "Drinking . . . is considered . . . a greater offense than cheating in examination. . ." President Julian A. Burruss, Virginia Polytechnic Institute: "Only road-houses are a source of trouble." President A. W. W. Woodcock, St. John's College, Maryland: "I simply advise them to let liquor alone—as an appeal." William and Mary: "Sports and dramatics cut down drinking tendency." President J. F. March, Concord State Teachers

Courtesy College Humor

Co-eds call for another round . . . they also take advantage of Repeal

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College: "America is not in much danger from the real young folks."

West Georgia Junior College: "We do not allow drinking or keeping liquor in rooms." Student Editor, same: "The students . . . drink moderately. . ." President John J. Tigert, University of Florida: ". . . while there may be more drinking . . . there is less drunkenness." Student Editor William A. Chambers, same: "Only a minority are habitual drinkers." President M. L. Brittain, Georgia Tech: "It is my definite opinion that there is less drinking among students." Dean A. D. Enyart, Rollins: "Our attitude is one of constant vigilance and instruction." Dean L. T. Baker, University of South Carolina: "There is considerably less drinking since Repeal." President Thornwell Jacobs, Oglethorpe: "We have practically no drunkenness. . ." Student Editor William A. Chambers, University of Florida: "Only a minority are habitual drinkers."

South—Twenty-four Southern colleges are wet, thirty-three dry, with all six women's colleges arid. Less beer is drunk in the South than in any other region.

President Robert R. Jones, Bob Jones College, Tennessee: "If there were a saloon on every corner, we would have no drinking here." Chancellor James H. Kirkland, Vanderbilt: "Vanderbilt has practically no rules of behavior." H. A. Babb, Morehead State Teachers College, Kentucky: "Students are not allowed to have liquor in their rooms and, thank God, we do not have fraternities or fraternity houses, many of which are worse than saloons." Student Editor Alton Payne, same: "Repeal has made drinking more gentlemanly." President Alexander Guerry, University of Chattanooga: "Students here have a very fine sense of freedom with responsibility." President George H. Denny, University of Alabama: "Less drinking." President Judson A. Rudd, William Jennings Bryan University, Tennessee: "As a whole, we have a better class of students than in 1933." Student Editor Shelby E. Southard, Birmingham-Southern College, Alabama: "Drinking on the campus is practically non-existent. . . ." President H. L. Donovan, Eastern Kentucky State Teachers: "Drinking in college has increased from 2 to 300 per cent. since Repeal." Student Editor H. L. Carver, Mississippi College: "Being that our institution is one that holds mainly to Christian teaching, Baptist, we have almost no drinking of liquor." President G. J. Cain, Hinds Junior College, Mississippi: "Drinking has increased 500 per cent. in this section."

Secretary J. O. Van Meter, Lees College, Kentucky: "The boys of the mountains as a rule don't like beer—they drink hard liquor." Student Editor George M. Spencer, University of Kentucky: "Young collegians are learning to drink in a gentlemanly manner." Student Editor John Johnson, Southwestern Louisiana Institute: "There is no harm in drinking if it is done properly." Dean W. L. Mitchell, Louisiana Tech: "First we give a warning, then suspension follows." President C. W. Daugette, State Teachers, Jacksonville, Alabama: "Less drinking. . . ."

John E. Brown, John Brown University, Arkansas: "When you bring liquor on this hill, just pack your grips and get ready to go home." Student Editor L. Gene Farmer, Arkansas Polytechnic College: "Amounts vary from a couple of glasses of beer to enough to lay *King Kong* among the daisies. . . ." Student Editor Thad Barrow, State Teachers, Jacksonville, Alabama: "The tendency is to drink to stupefaction."

Southwest—Fifty-four colleges in this region replied, with twenty-four men's wet, twenty-six men's and four women's dry.

President Ben J. Albritton, Jacksonville College, Texas: "Whisky drinkers are not allowed here." President Ed Morrison, Panhandle A. and M. College, Oklahoma: "If bootleggers do show up, they are either chased off or jailed." Superintendent W. Max Chambers, Okmulgee Junior College, Oklahoma: "There seems to be a marked swing toward hard liquor." Dean V. I. Moore, University of Texas: " . . . a considerable increase." Editor Tom Behoteguy, Phoenix (Arizona) Junior College: "There are 70 per cent. non-drinkers." President T. J. Tormey, Arizona State Teachers College: "There is, perhaps, more open drinking on the part of women." Eastern New Mexico Junior College: "We do not allow them to come to class if they have been drinking."

Culver Service

Gay student frolics of the naughty 'nineties

Midwest—Of the 205 educational institutions questioned, 108 men's and eight women's were dry; eighty-six men's and three women's were wet.

Dean H. H. Kummick, Valparaiso, Indiana: "The return of beer and liquor has not brought Utopia to our campus." President W. G. Leutner, Western Reserve: "There is less vicious drinking." Student Editor T. R. Kiltzmann, Concordia, Indiana: ". . . the individual is not looked down upon for moderate drinking." President E. J. Braulick, Wartburg College, Iowa: "The young people are getting used to liquor and do not show the effects as much as during Prohibition days." Student Editor Field Beam, University of Illinois: "Many would not know the taste of liquor were it not for Repeal." President Joseph Brewer, Olivert College, Michigan: "Drinking is a matter of personal taste." Student Editor Frank J. Lunn, Luther College, Nebraska: ". . . the drink question is one of religion." J. T. Anderson, Nebraska State Teachers College: 'Tremendous effort to stamp out drinking."

Sister Mary Regis, Mount St. Clare Junior College, Iowa: "Taking a glass of beer is not considered drinking." Student Editor Stanley Elam, Eastern Illinois State Teachers: "The attitude toward drinking has become more tolerant." President I. J. Good, Indiana Central College: "We make no compromise about drinking." Student Editor Harry Schmuck, Mount Union College, Ohio: "Drinking has increased immensely. . . . It has become a fad." Dean Louis H. Dirks, DePauw University, Indiana: "The students' attitude is just a reflection of the attitude of the older people." Student Editor Sidney Tabers, Penn College, Iowa: "The student body has considered Repeal as the acknowledgment of the United States that drinking is okay. . . ." Student Editor L. William Steck, Otterbein College, Ohio: "Student body has shown little change." Student Editor Jerry Rideout, Central State Teachers College, Michigan: "About 60 per cent. of our student body drinks." Student Editor Dan E. Anderson, Drake University: "Restrictions supposedly in force at Drake say that no student shall drink alcoholic beverages while . . . in the university, but there is little evidence of this rule being carried out."

Dean Henry Werner, University of Kansas: "A decided increase in drinking among non-fraternity men." President Courts Redford, Southwest Baptist College, Missouri: "Every case of drinking that is known to us is because it is made so desirable." President W. A. Brandenburg, Kansas State Teachers: "We just don't have it."

Student Editor W. T. Hunt, Purdue: ". . . from personal observation, I would give a rough estimate as a 500 per cent. increase over 1933."

Rockies—Of the twenty replies, ten men's colleges are wet, nine men's and one women's dry.

President George Thomas, University of Utah: "The Mormon people have a provision against drinking, smoking, using tea or coffee . . . beer." Glen Smith, President of Dixie Junior College, Utah: ". . . considerably more drinking among our students. . . ." Student Editor Virginia Hamblet, Montana State University: "Drinking straight hard liquor is practically nil." Dean James K. Allen, Gooding College, Idaho: "Drinking does not constitute any problem at all. . . ." Dean Harry Carlson, University of Colorado: "Fewer students are getting into trouble because of excessive drinking." Dean R. E. McWhinnie, Wyoming University: "I see no way of measuring decrease or increase." President Sheldon E. Davis, Montana State Normal College: ". . . I have been inclined to believe that we have simply attracted a less prosperous type of student. . . ."

North Central—Figures for this region are included among those for the Midwest.

University of Minnesota: ". . . the judgment shown is much sounder than it has been in the past." President George M. Snodgrass, State Teachers College, La Crosse, Wisconsin: "The young people of the colleges and the country at large are conducting themselves with more restraint than middle-aged people." President Forrest R. Polk, State Teachers College, Oshkosh, Wisconsin: "We believe that the road-house presents a far greater menace than does the saloon or tavern in the town." President A. M. Royce,

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State Teachers College, Platteville, Wisconsin: "The sale of hard liquor in our community is located entirely upon a block of one street. This helps. . . ." Sister Marie Aileen, Edgewood Junior College of the Sacred Heart, Wisconsin: "The students, apparently, never think of it."

University of Wisconsin: "We try to keep our sorority and fraternity dancing-parties clean, but it is quite impossible to do a thorough job." President Silas Evans, Ripon College, Wisconsin: "I feel quite certain that throughout the country, and in colleges, there is more drinking. . . . I am not sure that there is any more intoxication."

Dean L. A. V. DeCleene, Norbert College, Wisconsin: ". . . there is less drunkenness and less immorality. . . . I find that conditions at our college have improved very much since Repeal." President C. C. Swain, State Teachers College, Mayville, North Dakota: "Of course, there is more drinking now." President John C. West, University of North Dakota: "The alcohol question is going to give universities considerable trouble during the next short while." English Professor T. H. McMahon, North Dakota State School of Science: "Probably more drinking. . . ." President Leon H. Sweetland, Dakota Wesleyan University: "Drinking was practically unknown here before Repeal." J. Frederick Weltzin, State Teachers College, Valley City, North Dakota: "Drinking constitutes practically no problem here." Student Editor Donald M. Dafoe, same school: "Alcohol mixed with malt is the most popular." President Frank L. Eversull, Huron College, South Dakota: "Somewhat more drinking among students. . . ."

Pacific—There are twenty-seven men's and one women's wet institutions, twenty-two men's and one women's dry.

Dean Frank M. Erickson, Willamette, Oregon: "Drinking has always been a problem with students." President C. Hoyt Watson, Seattle Pacific College, Washington: "Entering students must put themselves on record as not having used either tobacco or alcoholic liquor within twelve months. . . ." Student Editor Elizabeth Averill, Scripps College, California: "It's no longer quite 'the thing' for girls to drink more than they can hold." Dean T. M. Putnam, University of California: "Drinking is much less offensive." Dean K. W. Onthank, University of Oregon: "Students are more moderate with liquor than many of their elders." President C. L. Phelps, Santa Barbara College, California: "Our young people manage their own social affairs through their good sense of values and responsibilities." President D. L. Crawford, University of Hawaii: "Our social functions are reasonably free from this trouble." Men's Adviser Garff B. Wilson, Humboldt State College, California: "There's a marked tendency toward a 'gentlemanly code.'"

President Ray Lyman Wilbur, Stanford: "Students who do drink are like most Americans . . . they are not interested particularly in good quality wines or beer; but they follow the general lead toward spirits and cocktails." Student Editor Bob Culbertson, Glendale Junior College, California: "I think something ought to be done to protect the individual who does what he thinks the crowd is doing." Dean Rollin L. McNitt, Southwestern University, California: "A great temperance movement must be started." Student Editor W. W. Burt, Occidental, Los Angeles: "When this bottle-tipping exhibitionism is outmoded, we will see a sane and perhaps too mild a model of American youth."

Student Editor Bob Doble, University of Washington: "Excessive drinking is indulged in chiefly at fraternity house parties when, once a year, house members rent out-of-town cabins for a three-day drunk." Student Editor Lionel L. Van Deerlin, University of Southern California: "It is estimated that 68 per cent. of Trojan students, considering both men and women, are accustomed to taking a drink. . . . Instead of holding the men back, coeds are saying: 'Let's have another!'"

HOTEL DELIVERY: Friendly Fireside Chats Swell Presidential Mail to All-Time Peak

Dear Mr. President:
I know you have a lot to think about, but we are suffering from cold . . .

Dear Mr. President:
I am a mother of eighteen . . .

Dear Mr. President:
I am on relief. Next month my wife is getting a baby . . .

At least 25 per cent. of the 3,000 or more letters which flow into the basement of the Executive Wing of the White House every day begin thus and wind up by asking a special favor of the man conceded to be potentially America's greatest favor-granter — the President of the United States.

Last week, such petition correspondence was as heavy as ever, but because thousands of Franklin D. Roosevelt's countrymen felt constrained to upbraid or bless him for his Supreme Court message, the White House mail was a good 10 per cent. heavier than usual.

The delivery of letters to the President is no simple matter of a husky postman trudging up to the door of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, ringing twice, and dropping a pouchful on the step. Newspapers and the radio have brought the Chief Executive almost within arm's reach of his constituents. Feeling closer to him, many of them consider it a duty to tell him in writing that they like what he is doing, or that he is on the wrong track entirely.

Average High—This is particularly true in the case of President Roosevelt, whose first line of communication with America is the radio, and who went so far as to suggest in one of his glowing "fireside chats" that his fellow citizens write personal letters once in a while, recounting their daily troubles and problems. The idea was accepted with startling enthusiasm. During the first two years of his Administration, he averaged more than 40,000 letters a week — receiving occasionally as many as 70,000 in one day — a record which no other President had even approached. In place of the two or three clerks who could handle with time to spare the correspondence of Roosevelt's predecessors, no fewer than a dozen are busy to-day, assorting, inspecting, filing.

Suppose you sit down to-night to tell the President how things are going with you after four years of New Dealing. What will happen to your letter?

First of all, when it reaches Washington it will be segregated, along with some 2,000 other letters, in a pile designated as the White House "hotel delivery"— so-called because it is similar in volume to the mail delivered to the average hotel.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, a government truck rolls up to the White House with the "hotel delivery" (or perhaps your note will arrive in the afternoon shipment of approximately 1,000 letters). Under the supervision of efficient, sixty-year-old Ira Smith, who has been on this particular job for the past forty years, the mail is carried into one of two large basement rooms and shoved through an automatic opening-machine.

The letters are written on brown wrapping paper, on embossed stationery, on toilet paper. They are typewritten, penciled, or scrawled out in crayon. Once

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White House "hotel delivery" . . . thousands of letters every day for "Dear Mr. President" . . .

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Sorted by Ira Smith and his wary clerks . . . few ever reach the Chief Executive

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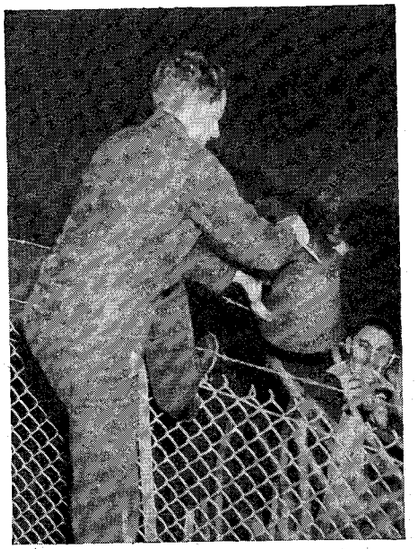

Acme

A big pot of coffee for these sit-downers . . .

a note arrived composed of symbols in a puzzle alphabet.

The mail is then passed out to the clerks to be read. Smith takes the important-looking things, the registered and special-delivery letters, and all packages. So don't think that because you spend a lot of money for postage a liveried footman is going to send your letter upstairs on the tray with the President's breakfast.

It is also Smith's duty to separate the President's personal letters from the run-of-the-mill. To this end, he has had to memorize the names of the President's friends and has learned to recognize their stationery. This mail does not go into the opening-machine.

As the clerks skim through the letters, they weed out the ones which should go, not to the President, but to another department of the Government. A letter asking for help in lifting a mortgage is referred to the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. Another, asking about railroad rates between Pittsburgh and Baton Rouge, is marked for the Interstate Commerce Commission. An inquiry about passports is thrown on the pile for the State Department. Thus the bulk of the mail intended for the President's eyes never gets closer to his office than the basement of the White House.

Cranks—If your letter is cranky or obscene, a clerk will label it "Secret Service," and in a few weeks a Federal investigator probably will be knocking at your door.

At 9:30, a White House car makes the rounds of the various Departments, dropping off the 1,500 or 1,800 mixed requests, petitions and complaints addressed originally to the wrong place. The rest of the mail goes upstairs, to be scrutinized closely by the Presidential secretariat. Some of it is Mrs. Roosevelt's. She receives about 200 letters a day, of which sixty or seventy ultimately reach her desk —to be answered by her veteran secretary, Mrs. Malvina Thompson Scheider.

Secretaries Marvin McIntyre and Marguerite Le Hand do a further pruning job on the Presidential correspondence. When they are finished, some 500 letters of the original 3,000 addressed to the President go to the desk in the Executive Office for a high-speed personal inspection. To this task Mr. Roosevelt devotes a valuable ninety minutes every day. To some of the notes he dictates a personal answer. Others he entrusts to amanuensis Le Hand.

If your letter survives clerks and wary secretaries, it may receive a direct answer from the President, even tho you be as unknown to him as a native of the Amazon jungles. To be thus honored, it must be sober, well-written, an informative expression of opinion.

But, in any case, your note will be answered. It is the custom at the White House to reply to every communication on the day it is received.

WOODEN HORSE: 1937

Adaptation of Grecian Coup Ends Sit-Down

It has often been said that Americans are the most avid enthusiasts for newfangled crazes, the first to drop them once the initial tickle has passed. To some observers last week, the sit-down strike took a place with Tom Thumb golf and *mah jong*.

Students and jurists were not so sure, however, of any such appraisal. The sit-down strikes were spreading; in some cases comically, in others tragically. Governors issued statements, industrialists raved, still the people at large seemed unimpressed. For them, the question had not been settled legally.

Latest antidote for the movement was prescribed in Grand Haven, Michigan, when 300 non-striking employees of the Eagle Ottawa Leather Company stayed in the plant voluntarily after working-hours for fear that "sit-downers" might capture the factory.

Classics—At Waukegan, Illinois, the classics were brought into play to oust workers who sat down. Whereas French sociologists recently reported that the sit-down strike really went back to 1485, Harold N. Keele, attorney for the Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation, went several thousand years further back for his inspiration to oust sit-downers. He remembered Vergil, Homer and that Helen who launched a thousand Greek ships to combat Trojan sit-downers and stay-ins.

He supplied the Sheriff with the idea for a wooden structure, with which representatives of the law were able to penetrate a strikers' barrage of missiles and pour tear-bombs into the occupied plant.

"The idea goes back to an argument I had with newspaper men in my room several days ago," Keele said. "We were discussing the derivation of the words 'puerile sophisticate.' That led my mind along the lines of classical reference—and all of a sudden the thought of the Trojan Horse popped into my mind. (Keele was formerly an English instructor at the University of Illinois.)

"I believed that if we could devise something similar to the wooden horse with which the Greeks penetrated the walls of Troy in ancient times, we would be able to overcome the reluctance of the Sheriff's deputies to storm the sit-down strikers."

Mine Talks—While John L. Lewis and his lieutenants argued in New York with soft coal mine-operators for a new agreement for United Mine Workers, C.I.O. activities continued to expand in other directions.

More than 250 organizers were said to be organizing steel-workers for "the great labor offensive" in April. They claimed 165,000 out of 500,000 workers as members of unions.

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. . . while these can eat eggs they once packed

The steel industry hopes that Mr. Lewis's difficulties in bringing coal-operators to terms may be so great that the full force of the C.I.O. will be diverted from organizing steel and thus prove ineffective.

The United Press made a nation-wide poll of Gubernatorial opinion of the sit-down strike.

None of the executives sanctioned the maneuver, three approved the use of force to eject sit-downers.

Merriam—Said Gov. Frank F. Merriam, California:

"There is no justification for sit-down strikes. No one has the right to dispossess a legal owner of his property, and sit-downs can not be justified from any standpoint. In California, the Governor can not use troops unless requested to do so by a Sheriff, but I heartily approve of the action taken by the Los Angeles authorities in evicting sit-down strikers from the Douglas Aircraft Plant at Santa Monica."

Not yet troubled in his State, Gov. R. L. Cochran, Nebraska, said he opposed sit-down strikes, would use force to evict persons engaging in them, but added: "I disapprove, however, of methods resorted to by industrialists as revealed by the Senate Investigating Committee."

Gov. Wilbur Cross, Connecticut:

"Sit-down strikes will not be permitted in this State."

Gov. Henry Horner, Illinois:

"There is no warrant in law to justify a so-called sit-down strike."

Hoffman—Gov. Harold Hoffman, New Jersey:

"Sit-down strikes will not be permitted, even at the cost of bloodshed."

Gov. George H. Earle, Pennsylvania:

"I will not bring forces under my command against strikers. Sit-down strikers can not be forcibly evicted without bloodshed."

Gov. Cal Edward Bailey, Arkansas, said the problem had not yet arisen in his jurisdiction.

Among those non-committal were Governors Ammons, Colorado; Tingley, New Mexico; Miller, Wyoming; Allred, Texas;

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Blood, Utah; Davey, Ohio; Quinn, Rhode Island; Lehman, New York; La Follette, Wisconsin.

Said Gov. N. G. Kraschel, Iowa: "I pray we may never have a sit-down strike in Iowa."

BORAH PLAN: Idaho Senator Offers Amendment to Offset Court Proposal

"I would not care to serve in the Senate in which we had no Borah," an arch-conservative opponent* of the Insurgent-Progressive-Republican from Idaho once remarked. "He is the greatest balance-wheel we have in American public life."

Last week, balance-wheel Borah was once more in the process of summoning all the strength in his aging frame to brake momentous legislation which had started down the Congressional incline. He had fought woman suffrage, he had roared against ratification of the Versailles Treaty, he had stood beside his Senate desk time and again in the rôle of self-appointed guardian of the Constitution.

Notwithstanding such precedent, he declined to rant, last week, against the President's plan to enlarge the United States Supreme Court by one new appointee for every justice who declines to retire on full pay after his seventieth birthday. He offered an alternative, an amendment to the Constitution which would redefine the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment in such a way that Federal Courts could pass judgment on the form of an individual State's social legislation, and the procedure of its enactment, but could say nothing about its substance.

The Borah amendment was meat for State rights enthusiasts who look with suspicion upon each new step toward centralization of Government in Washington (such as NRA's regulation of working conditions and AAA's crop control program). It was received enthusiastically by foes of the President's judiciary proposal, who would prefer almost any such suggestion to direct pressure on the high Court from the White House.

No Comfort—But it offered no comfort to House and Senate Democrats who had turned reluctantly against their leader on this great issue, nor to a dozen other Legislators who were not yet certain which way the people back home wanted them to vote. Both these groups realized that the President was in no mood for compromising, that if he put his imprimatur on the Borah amendment he would do so on one hard and fast condition, namely, that until the day such an amendment was finally ratified—ten months, a year, or five years from now—his own program would be in effect.

Neither opponents nor supporters of judicial reorganization could look upon last week's developments with complete satisfaction. The President continued with his personal canvass of the House and Senate. One day he had luncheon with Independent Norris of Nebraska, who announced later that he still did not think enlargement of the Court was the proper solution, tho he would probably vote for the plan eventually. "God never made a man big enough, broad enough and wise enough," he added, "to have unlimited power and a luxurious salary for life and not be responsible to anybody. Therefore I think the term of a judge ought to be definite and limited to a fixed term."

*The late Philander C. Knox, Republican of Pennsylvania, born, 1853; in Senate, 1904-'09, and 1917-'21; Secretary of State, 1909-'13; died, 1921.

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Senator Borah: offers new amendment idea

For Amendment—More Legislators screwed their courage to the point of committing themselves definitely against the White House proposal. Millard E. Tydings, Maryland Democrat, who has been wry-faced about much of the New Deal, but who must step carefully because he will be a candidate for reelection to the Senate next year, declared that he had given the subject "my most careful and thoughtful consideration" and had convinced himself that "if wider legislative powers are desired for Congress, then the orderly way to secure such wider powers . . . is through . . . constitutional amendment."

The recalcitrant Rush Drew Holt, who behaved so naughtily during the 1936 Presidential campaign that his patronage candy was taken away from him after the election, had nothing to lose by bucking the Party leaders. Furthermore, he had polled his constituents and had found that they were 84 per cent. against tinkering with the judicial machinery. He, too, proclaimed in favor of reorganization by amendment. His colleague from West Virginia, Matthew M. Neely, either polled a different part of the State or has a deeper sense of Party loyalty, for he has promised to support the Administration.

With thirty-five Senators definitely against the President and an additional five leaning in the same direction but not definitely committed, the Missourian, Bennett Champ Clark, ventured forth in the middle of the week with: "If the bill came to a vote to-day, it would be defeated by ten votes." Other opponents were not so cocksure. The cleavage as it apparently stood at the end of the week: about forty-nine Senators behind the President, about forty against him.

Farm Split—The opposition was not much concerned when the representatives of several farm organizations (American Rice Growers, Northwest Farmers Union) announced that they were behind the White House, for they had expected farmers to split on the proposal. Nor were they surprized when the liberal Right Rev. John A. Ryan of Catholic University came out in its favor. His opinion was offset by that of Roscoe Pound, Dean Emeritus of Harvard University Law School, who told interviewers at Shanghai that Roosevelt was attempting "to get the judges to throw over the law and render their decisions on a basis of what the President wants the law to be, rather than what it really is."

By a vote of seventy-six to four, the Senate, following the House, passed Democratic Sen. Patrick A. McCarran's bill for voluntary full-pay retirement of Supreme Court Justices at seventy. Doubting Democrats hoped that this bill, unless vetoed by the President, would cause two or three of the conservative Justices who have ruled adversely on New Deal legislation to retire voluntarily.

Supporters of the President regarded this as a step in the right direction; opponents thought it might lessen the Chief Executive's positive demands, as he still refused to consider any compromise.

If the President signs the bill, Chief Justice Hughes would be able to retire at full pay of $20,500 annually and Justices Brandeis, Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler at $20,000.

Chat—It was first stated that the Senate Judiciary Committee would begin hearings on the President's bill on March 9. Washington then gulped to hear definitely that the President would broadcast a message to the people on the same date. So the Judiciary Committee will not begin hearings until the day after—March 10.

President Roosevelt merely stated that in his next fireside chat he would discuss "many matters." Rumors that he would tour the country in May and June to arouse support for his policy aroused vigorous denials in a White House statement issued through Secretary Stephen Early.

However, it was indicated that, to swing the farm sentiment, Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, might take the stump.

Gov. Philip F. La Follette of Wisconsin, speaking over the radio, threw his support to President Roosevelt.

From the White House came the unofficial statement of President Roosevelt to friends, as related by Arthur Krock in a copyrighted story in the New York *Times:*

"When I retire to private life on January 20, 1941, I do not want to leave the country in the condition Buchanan left it to Lincoln. If I can not, in the brief time given me to attack its deep and disturbing problems, solve those problems, I hope at least to have moved them well on the way to solution for my successor. It is absolutely essential that the solving process begin at once."

NEGRO ANGEL: Mary McLeod Bethune, College Founder, Sees Bright Future for Her Race

She built an $800,000 coeducational institution out of sandwiches and cake. She made a mountain out of a mole-hill. She is a modern matriarch. As the guardian angel of the Negroes of the United States, she is the worthy successor to Booker T. Washington.

And Mary McLeod Bethune joyously

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admits that "never in American history has the Negroes' future seemed so secure."

She ought to know, for frequent have been her conferences at the White House with the President and his wife. Under her auspices, Negro officials recently met to draw up agenda to present to the President and Congress, with an eye to having it incorporated into the general plan for the Second New Deal.

One of seventeen children, born in the swampy rice-lands of South Carolina, spool-legged, kinky-headed Mary McLeod first felt the fire of ambition tingling in her blood when she walked, barefoot, across a plowed field to get her first "book larnin'" in the rural school for Negro children opened in the vicinity of Maysville.

Kinship and succession are reckoned through the mother in her family, who was a direct descendant of a ruling family in West Africa. Following *ante-bellum* custom, Mary's mother, enslaved to South Carolina settlers, took the name of her "white folks" and became Patsy McIntosh. "My mother," Mary recalls, "was possessed of keen intelligence and great refinement. She had a will of her own, was very constructive, with great vision. She was the business manager of the family." For a similarity of character, Mary might have spoken of herself. Her father having been a slave of the wealthy McLeod family, also of South Carolina, Mary is a child of the Reconstruction period.

Student—The intellectual side of her mother's nature immediately struck fire in the child, making her such an eager student she was awarded a scholarship at Scotia Seminary.*

The donor was a white woman, Mary Crissman, seamstress, of South Denver, Colorado. But it was a missionary that the girl wanted to become, not an educator. "I wanted to go to Africa and spend my life bringing Christianity to my kinsmen," she now confesses.

When she was graduated from Scotia, Mary McLeod entered the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and worked earnestly for two years awaiting an appointment. It never came. Taking her bitterness back to the South, she obtained a position as teacher at Haines Institute in Augusta, Georgia. While she was at Haines, Mary visited Tuskegee and met the man who had built a castle of learning in Alabama, and came to a realization of the aim of her life.

But in the castle *she* envisioned, there would be more than home-making courses; there would be classes in citizenship. At its head, there would be a woman — the modern matriarch, head of the family, head of the tribe, head of the first institution of its kind for the people of her race. Mary McLeod left Haines and went to Sumter, South Carolina, where she met another man, a fellow teacher, Albert Bethune, married him and moved to Savannah. They had one son, Albert McLeod Bethune. Hearing that social conditions among Negroes in Daytona, Florida, were "outrageous," she saw there her chance to be a missionary, and at the same time lay the foundations of her dream.

Charter Students — With money obtained from selling sandwiches and cake, Mary McLeod Bethune made empty soap-boxes into desks and chairs, burnt logs into pencils, mashed elderberries into ink — and five little wide-eyed, black-skinned piccaninnies became charter students at what became the Bethune-Cookman College.

To-day, 426 students of both sexes roam over a campus of thirty-two acres. Thirty-one teachers, men and women, have been selected personally by Mrs. Bethune. When white people come to call, there are no special seats set aside for them. "Once within the walls of the college," says its founder, "there are neither blacks nor whites, only ladies and gentlemen."

On June 28, 1935, Mary McLeod Bethune was awarded the twenty-first Spingarn Medal at the twenty-sixth Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) and has been named as one of a group of fifty women who have done the most for the welfare of the United States. Her motto: "Be calm, be stedfast, be courageous." Grounds for her optimism for the future of her race: "Everywhere, I see the signs of greater interracial understanding . . . a growing feeling on the part of ever-increasing numbers of white people that Negroes should have a larger participation in the civic program of the communities in which they live. . . . Common hardship among the people of both races who must work for their living is welding a mutual interest that hitherto has been absent. There is no longer any obstacle that can not be overcome by the strength of spirit and the power of will."

*A school for young Negro girls maintained by the Presbyterian Church at Concord, N. C.

THIRD DEGREE: Trooper Found Guilty of Administering Beating to Prisoner

"Guilty of murder in the second degree," bawled the Court Crier of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, last week.

Stolidly, a hulking, barrel-chested State Trooper, Stacey Gunderman, heard the verdict of ten men and two women with the same unblinking mien he had borne during his eighteen-day trial. Not a muscle in his face or body moved perceptibly as the twenty-five-year-old policeman learned that he must spend the next ten to twenty years in prison.

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Mary McLeod Bethune: toward a closer harmony of races and enlightenment of the Negro

His crime was killing Frank C. Monaghan, sixty-four, Uniontown hotel-keeper, in administering the third degree to make the suspect confess attacking a county detective with a knife. One after another, six more public officials will be tried, charged with beating to death the aged father of a Yale history professor.

There were fifty marks on the victim's body, including eleven smashed ribs, fractures of skull, nose and jaw as well as internal hemorrhages. The Trooper had pleaded self-defense.

Outlaw—Presiding Supreme Court Justice George W. Maxey instructed the jury:

"The third degree, in so far as it embraces physical violence or mental torture, is an instrument which, if it exists at all in this country, exists only as an outlaw.

"The practise of torturing prisoners or suspects in order to force them to confess to crimes is a practise which belongs only in the barbaric ages of the world. Those who engage in such practises must and should receive punishment."

Even as Gunderman's trial was ending, Max Friedman, held as a material witness, not a suspect, in a New Jersey murder case, told reporters:

"They beat the hell out of me in the Prosecutor's office. I got the rawest deal I ever got in my life. They got me over here just to ask questions. I answered them: 'I don't know who did it.' My stomach and neck still are sore."

Police parlance doesn't look on back-room beatings as the third degree. Unofficial label is "shellacking." Arrest is the "first degree," jailing the second, while the so-called third degree is questioning in private quarters. Several detectives usually cooperate to get the accused to "spill it." A suspect is on the rack for hours, perhaps days, as officers take turns at firing questions, while their colleagues rest, eat and drink. Sometimes such extorted confessions back-fire in court.

Black Ages—Hurdling with ease Constitutional bars protecting Americans from such treatment, to-day's officials go back to the black ages of the Spanish Inquisition, Star Chamber and medieval rack, thumb-screw, widow and garrote. When a detective yanks a suspect's necktie he cuts off the breath just as effectively as did the Grand Inquisitor's iron collar.

Inquisition, however, is simplified to the more popular modern methods: kicking, beating with rubber hose, rolled-up telephone directory, lead pipe or black-jack, sometimes for fifteen hours; knocking out teeth, breaking wrists or legs, twisting arms out of sockets and, last, but not least, endless questioning with a powerful light beating down on the suspect's face.

To be really effective, the third degree must leave no marks on the body which might be court evidence. Arm-twisting is developed to the nth degree. The simple method of compelling a man to stand erect for hours is as effective as any means.

G men and the equally efficient crime-catchers of Scotland Yard frown on such methods. It sometimes takes longer to get the men, but there is no brutality to throw out their case.

In American cities of more than 250,000

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population where there are at least two bluecoats to every thousand inhabitants, increasing police efficiency has pared third-degree methods. In Buffalo, Providence, San Francisco and Los Angeles, there are no bans on the third degree, but police are chary in using it.

No Ban—Philadelphia has no ban, but has found that the fictional methods of Sidney Williams's umbrella-toting, stamp-collecting *Philadelphia County Detective Jabez Twombley* are more effective. Unexpected kindnesses soften up most prisoners as quickly as does a rubber hose.

Cleveland's ex-G Man Safety Director, Eliot Ness, thirty-four, suspended a sergeant who beat up an eighteen-year-old youth, saying:

"This is the first time as Director that I am giving an expression of police policy: I want the men in this Department to know that they are not to use third-degree methods. The next case of this sort will be severely dealt with. In the Police Department, we are a fact-finding body. We do not impose punishment; that is up to the courts. Intelligence must supplant brutality."

MARINER'S FRIEND: The Lighthouse Service Adds Radio to Famed Help

A battered tramp freighter lumbers through the heaving Pacific swell. On the bridge, the rubicund skipper stomps.

At sea, these are the blustery days of equinoctial storms when winter makes its tortuous transit into spring. There may be forty-eight hours of dirty weather, with no chance to shoot the sun.

For two days there have been no sights, the sky has been overcast. The master is anxious; he must fix his position definitely, for, just ahead, lies Grays Harbor, Washington. There cargo awaits him, seasoned timber for the Orient. But vessels entering the port from the open Pacific must pass through a narrow entrance formed by two jetties.

On the tramp's dark bridge, a navigating problem to shove the freighter between the two jetties is being worked out amid wisps of damp fog.

Radiobeacon—Suddenly the freighter's course is changed, because the ship has come within range of the Grays Harbor radiobeacon. The navigator wears his radiocompass head-phones. As he listens intently, he slowly turns a hand-wheel.

"— — — —," faintly first, then, with a whisk of the dial, a little louder, "— — — —," signals Grays Harbor, 100 miles ahead. At frequent intervals throughout the night, the radiobeacon's four dashes buzz in the navigator's ear-phones.

"— —" flashes the light-ship on Swiftsure Bank and "—" is the radiobeacon signal from the light-ship on Umatilla Reef. By cross-bearings on any two of these, the skipper gets his ship's exact position, lays his course straight for Grays Harbor.

By cheerless dawn, there is the "boo-boom" of the two-toned fog-signal to supplement the crackling wireless guide.

As the tramp freighter draws abeam of Point Brown's tall tower of light, guarding the northern spit of Grays Harbor, a pair of keen eyes peers down on the freighter from under bushy brows.

They belong to Oscar V. Brown, seventy, oldest light-keeper in the Lighthouse Service of the Department of Commerce. Almost six feet tall and a strapping 175 pounds, he is spry and erect, with iron-gray hair and clipped mustache.

In the 'nineties, the Government built a lighthouse and appointed a keeper. It was a lonely job then; it isn't now, for the Browns have a radio.

Nor are there many lonely hearts among the Service's 5,001 employees guarding 40,580 miles of coast-line. The storied hermit keeping a lighthouse on a lonely reef never has existed. There always are two or more men to a station, for it is dangerous to leave only one man on the job.

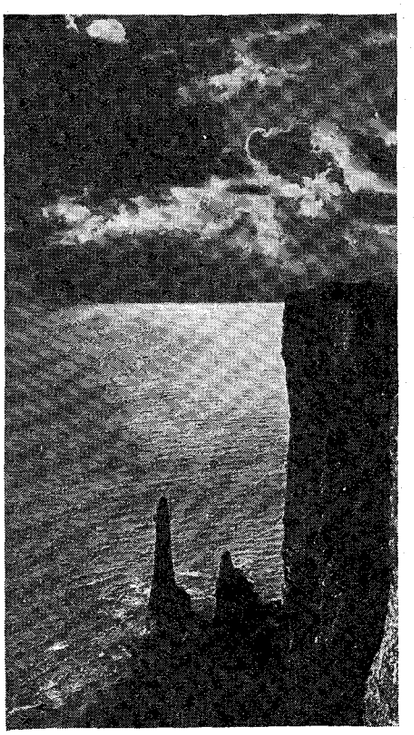
Modern lighthouses are machine-shops, tended by skilled mechanics who are too busy with the upkeep to think of anything else.

Bad weather adds to a light-keeper's duties. He must wipe off the spray or sleet which envelops the lanterns of the tower, obscuring the light. Signals must be kept going when fog, snow or storm cuts visibility.

Bravery—Keepers must be on the alert for any emergency, even keeping open a weather-eye for shipping in distress. In the mass of routine reports to the Service's nineteen district headquarters, there lies buried many a tale of bravery or risk cheerfully undertaken.

The toughest Lighthouse Service job is making bleakly rugged Alaska safe for shipping. In the past seven years, *Uncle Sam* has spent $10,000,000 putting in radiobeacons and concrete fog-signal stations, maintaining $8,000,000 worth of property.

Overlord of it all is Capt. Walter C. Dibrell, Sixteenth District Superintendent with headquarters at Ketchikan. Facially, he is the image of J. P. Morgan. He earns $6,200 a year. A. H. Thomas, Jr., Examiner-at-Large, travels 20,000 miles a year. His trips take him from Coast to Coast and throughout the Great Lakes area.



William Thompson

Beacons in the night guard rock-bound coasts

The chief job of the alert, active Examiner is examining accounts, properties and personnel of lighthouses, light-ships and the craft which service these.

That means watching over 26,680 "aids to navigation" ranging from powerful coastwise lights, offshore light-ships and radiobeacons to unattended lamps of low candle-power marking smaller navigable rivers. There are 527 resident lighthouses, thirty-two light-ships with eleven relief ships, 1,700 lighted buoys, 12,700 unlighted buoys, 1,600 fog-signals, 121 radiobeacons, forty-three radiophones and thirteen submarine signals.

For those who seek Joseph Conrad's "endless monotony of sea and sky," there's always the light-ship, perhaps fifty miles from port.

There, devotees of the contemplative life may live up to the Service's unofficial slogan: "Join a light-ship and see the rest of the world go by."

Topics in Brief

WHO WON the strike? Ah, yes, and who won the War?—*Detroit Free Press.*

OUR VIEW is that Trotzky is so Left he got that way.—*Dallas Morning News.*

MORE DINOSAUR tracks found at Holyoke. What was that joint, a dinosaur night-club?—*Boston Globe.*

THERE IS nothing new on Hitler. The last word on *Der Fuehrer* had him smoking the lead pipe of peace.—*Portland Oregonian.*

THE TACTFUL visitor will never point to dandruff on Hitler's clothes. Besides, it's probably bits of the Versailles Treaty.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

ANOTHER AMERICANISM is the cry that there are too many traffic deaths, with no estimate of what would be a good wholesome number.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

DIPLOMATIC COURTESY still has its uses in Europe. Witness the custom of referring to those German and Italian soldiers as "volunteers."—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

AS THE DISCUSSION progresses, it becomes increasingly evident that great numbers of persons would rather defend the Constitution than read it.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

A LOCAL New Dealer thinks Chairman John Hamilton will soon exhaust the $10,000 travel allowance, on account of the distance between Republicans.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

IN A MATRIMONIAL bureau publication a widow advertises that she wants to marry a man who weighs not more than 130 pounds. After the thin man.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.*

THERE IS, so to speak, a greater resemblance than appears on the surface between prayer meetings and peace conferences; the people who need them least attend.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

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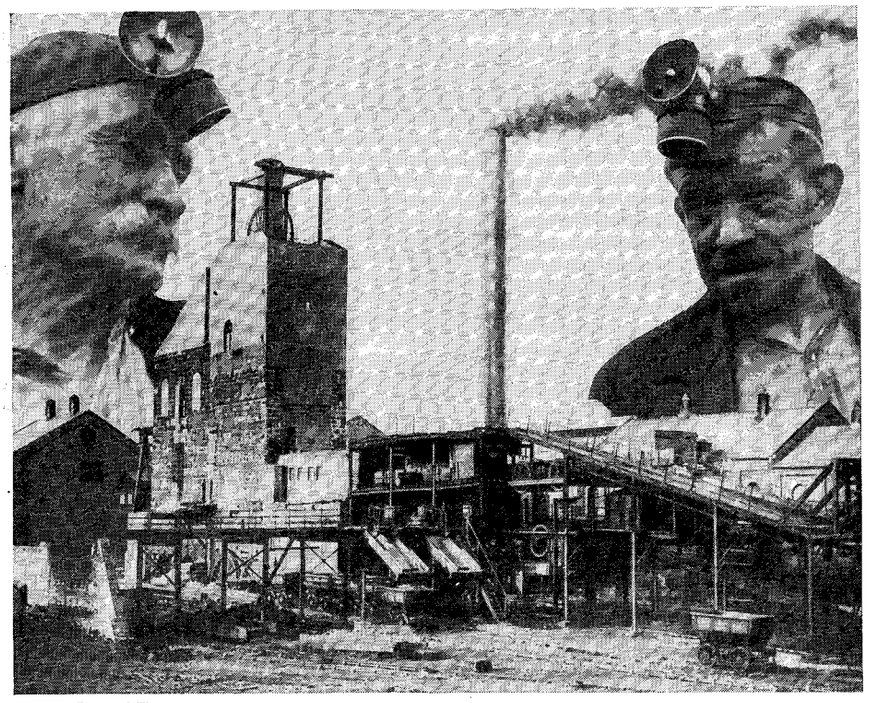
Foreign Comment

BRITISH MINES HEAD URGES UNION

Finds America Fifty Years Behind England in Labor Fight



Pictures, Inc. and Keystone

England's miners told by His Majesty's Chief Inspector of Mines to strengthen their unions

Fifty years ago, Britain's workers won many of the rights for which American Labor is now fighting. "When America was still in the agricultural stage," the British publicist G. D. H. Cole points out, "Great Britain already had passed through the first stage of the industrial revolution."

Last week, His Majesty's Chief Inspector of Mines, Sir Henry Walker, urged in a report of a coal-mine accident that "all persons working underground in a mine should be members of a trade-union."

Sir Henry headed the commission which studied the 1934 explosion and fire at the Gresford colliery in North Wales. Only six men escaped alive, and the death toll of 265 made the disaster the country's greatest since before the War. Many miners, eager to keep their Saturday afternoons free, had been working two full shifts on Friday in defiance of the law, thus increasing the danger. Sir Henry blamed the men's weak organization for this, holding that "the question of preventing the working of illegal overtime is one within the power of the men themselves and their trade-unions."

Industrial Revolt—In spite of the weakness of the union in this one doomed mine, Britain's trade-unions include virtually half of her 11,125,000 employed. In the United States, out of 44,475,000 workers gainfully employed, only 4,517,000, or one in ten, are organized.

The modern trade-union movement in the British Isles dates from the squalor and misery attendant on the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century. Several hundred years before that, however, journeymen "fraternities" negotiated for wages and pulled an occasional weak strike. Early in the fifteenth century, tailors' apprentices in London got orders to live at their masters' homes—in punishment for having formed "a kind of association."

In those days, the natural cleavage in English industry lay from trade to trade. With the dawn of the factory system, a split widened between employer and employee—and modern trade-unionism was born.

"People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for amusement and diversion, but that conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public by some contrivance to raise prices." Adam Smith, classic advocate of *laissez-faire*, was probably speaking of employers, but his words apply even more truly to their men. The Combination Acts of 1799, ostensibly aimed at both owners and workers, really prevented only the workers from entering such a "conspiracy."

Bold—Yet misery made them bold. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, boys of four and five found work as chimney-sweeps.

If they hesitated fearfully at the stifling black ascent, the "less humane masters" prodded the youngsters by setting fire to straw on the hearth beneath them.

Baby contemporaries of these workers put in eighteen to twenty hours a day in rat-infested mines. And an early apostle of child labor pontificated: "Nothing is more favorable to morals than early subordination."

A Parliamentary Committee found that many children were kidnaped and put to work like animals in the mines. "A girdle is put around the naked waist, to which a chain from the carriage is hooked and passed between the legs, and the boys crawl on their hands and knees, drawing the carriage after them," a contemporary report read.

In 1824, liberals succeeded in repealing the grim Combination Acts, and trade-unions became legal. Repressive measures continued, however, as six poor Tolpuddle farmers learned ten years later, when they organized to improve their conditions. They lived in hovels, ten often packing into a ten-foot-square room, and their nine-shilling wage provided a lean diet of tea and potatoes.

Instead of the ten-shilling increase they demanded, the Tolpuddle farmers got a two-shilling cut. Then, convicted of administering an illegal oath at a union meeting, they served seven years on a prison-ship.

Liberty—Full liberty came only in 1875, after the unions' midnight meetings had attracted a hundred thousand members. That year, the Employer and Workmen Bill and the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act granted the right of peaceful picketing and stated that:

"No combination amongst members of trade-unions to do any act in furtherance of a trade dispute shall be indictable as conspiracy unless such act, if committed by one person, would be punishable as a crime."

During the War, the powerful Trade Union Congress cooperated loyally with the Government, and it thrived in the false boom of 1918-'20. In '21 the coal market broke suddenly, and mine-owners saw their only salvation in wage cuts and longer hours.

Organized miners, 900,000 strong, found themselves deserted by their allies in the transport and railway unions.

They waged a thirteen-week strike, tho unemployment payments had so reduced their funds that strikers drew only $4 for the whole period.

In 1926, Stanley Baldwin's Conservative Government threatened to withdraw the subsidy which had kept most mines in operation through the depression (500 mines, employing 100,000 men, had shut down in two years). This time, the entire Federation of Trade Unions backed the miners whole-heartedly in their fight against cuts, and planned a general strike. Outraged generals and admirals emerged from their retirement to rally to the defense of Old England, forming the Organization of Maintenance of Supplies to break the strike.

Its hundred thousand amateur bus-drivers, railway engineers, power-plant and telephone operators included peers and Oxford students out for a lark. The Government managed to get out a newspaper when virtually the entire London press had folded up. Authorities also set up a milk-delivery service in Hyde Park—for once closed to orators—and armed guardsmen convoyed food trucks to the piers, where ordinarily a scab would get his head bashed in. Tho miners held out for months, the general strike collapsed in a bitter defeat after ten days—miraculously free from violence.

Act Passed—Its failure cost Labor many hard-won gains. A year later, Conservatives, still furious at the inconvenience they had suffered, passed the Trade Union Act, which effectively banned sympathetic strikes in other industries. Railway workers, for example, can not refuse to carry coal mined by strike-breakers. Moreover, the bill declared illegal any strike "calculated to coerce the Government, either directly or by inflicting hardship upon the

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community." Thus, in effect, the authorities got power to ban any large strike they pleased. Union men also lost the right of "peaceful persuasion," tho they retained the right to picket.

Tories took advantage of popular disapproval of the general strike to deal a serious blow at the Labor Party. Previously, political contributions had been drawn from organized workers unless they definitely voiced their wish not to pay. Under the new law, the Labor Party benefits only when the worker agrees in advance to contribute. The bill also permits the Attorney-General to enjoin the use of union funds in illegal strikes, and arranges for the reimbursement of employers' losses from union funds.

Repeal — The workers, seriously handicapped till a strong Labor Government repealed the Act, turned to voluntary arbitration—they have always blocked proposals to make it compulsory. Many industries had already set up Conciliation Boards, registered with the Board of Trade. The Minister of Labor also has the authority to name Courts consisting of employers, workmen and the general public, and at the request of both sides he refers a threatened strike to one of these Boards. Altho its decisions are not binding unless the disputants pledge acceptance in advance, the British love of compromise succeeds in preventing many stoppages. Thus, last year, out of 808 strikes in Britain and Ireland, only five affected more than 5,000 men.

Ernest Bevin, President of the Trade Union Congress, General Secretary of the mighty Transport and General Workers Union and Labor Party czar who made Major Clement Attlee its nominal leader, deserves credit for many peaceful settlements. Tho in appearance he rather resembles the fighting John L. Lewis of the American Committee for Industrial Organization, in method he more closely resembles the milder William Green of the American Federation of Labor.

Acme

Chief Ofori Atta's own sons swiped his golden crown . . . then served time

ROYAL ROBBERS: African Princes Steal Dad's Crown, But Leave Umbrella

Sharper to sexagenarian, broad-beamed, ebony Paramount Chief Ofori Atta of subtropical British Gold Coast Colony* than the Shakespearian serpent's tooth was the ingratitude of two strapping black sons who faced him last week, charged with stealing his golden crown (four inches wide and big enough to fit down against his ear).

Birikorang and Bosumphar confessed before the district magistrate at Suhum as the rainy season began, that, with two Syrian fellow conspirators, they had broken into the treasure-house at Kibi, steamy jungle Capital of Akim Abuakwa, their father's realm, and robbed their sire of his royal head-band, worth, as bullion, at least $1,500.

They went to jail — one son for nine months, the other for twelve — at hard labor.

Chief Ofori could have spared the crown —has, in fact, two others of equal potency and value. One was atilt over his ears as he heard sentence meted to his faithless offspring, the other in safe hiding.

And even more securely than in all three of his crowns was his majesty vested in the tent-sized, deep-fringed umbrella which a retainer, as always, held above him before the Court. Buttress also to his royal prerogatives was his living "soul" standing beside him, a black adolescent chosen as repository of regal dignity when real royalty wishes to lay it aside. A handsome black-eyed boy was the current "soul," privileged on occasion even to wear one of the triplet of crowns.

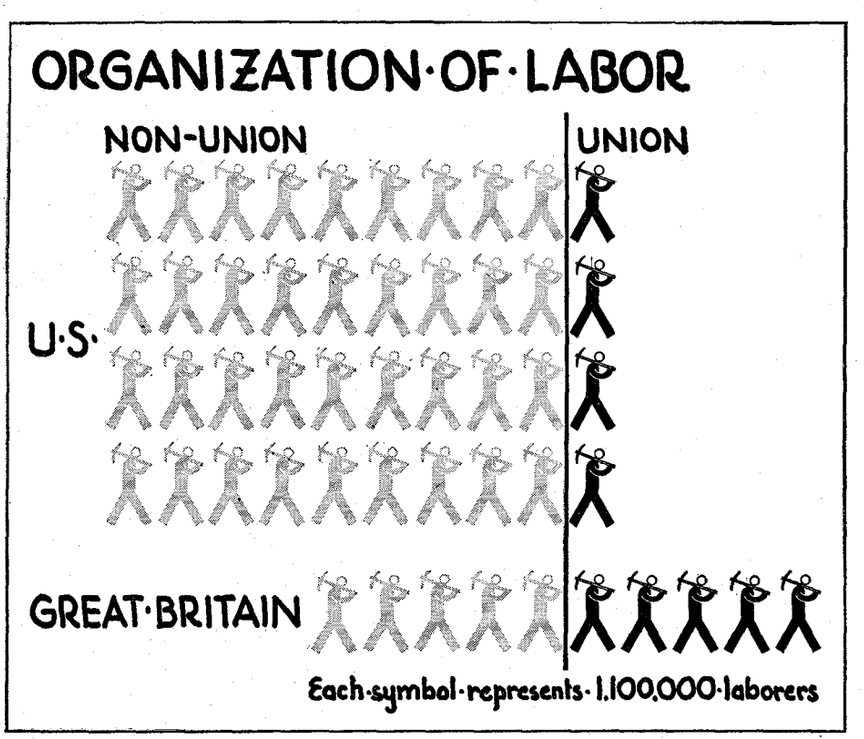
Deputy Drinker—Beside him also, as he wept at his sons' disloyalty, was another *alter ego*, sharp contrast to his "living soul"—his "deputy drinker," hard-bit, gin-wizened ageling empowered to take up private and official bibbling where H.R.H. Ofori Atta, sick, satiated or merely discreet, leaves off.

Royal prerogatives had, therefore, not been seriously threatened, particularly as in Akim Abuakwa neither of the two sons could ever have worn the crown legitimately, anyway. Legally and by tradition, the diadem descends through the female line to the eldest son of the eldest sister, better to insure the continuity of the royal strain.

No claim had Bosumphar and Birikorang to the polished ebony and slightly lopsided milking-stool their father used in the tribal councils as a throne. That would go to a cousin.

Whether or not the guilty princes plotted to introduce the effete European system of royal inheritance through the

*Whites, 1,700; blacks, 250,000.



Literary Digest Chart

In Great Britain, one out of two; in the United States, one out of ten

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males in Akim Abuakwa, once known as "the white man's grave," was not, at the trial, disclosed.

More than a mere dusky African jungle *Lear* is Ofori Atta. For supplying bearers, fighting men and one air-plane to Great Britain, with which to conquer German Togoland during the War—and for a $25,000 War fund contribution from his gold-mines — Ofori was brought to London in 1928, made Sir Ofori, a knight, also made a C.B.E. (Commander of the British Empire), and fêted royally.

Visits London — London smiled then as, under his big sunshade (superfluous in Britain's climate), and accompanied by his "soul" and "deputy drinker," Sir Ofori cruised about the West End in native costume wearing his wide gold crown, smiled again when he went to theaters and hooked his crown under the seat as Londoners hooked their hats.

Publicity-seeking manufacturers showered gifts upon him.

Publicity back-fire singed a gin-producer when, back in his native jungle, Sir Ofori wrote to London that he had, before the assembled tribe and with ceremonial pomp, emptied the gin on the ground and publicly buried the bottles.

Even with the aid of a "deputy drinker," he could not bear up against the Empire's gin.

IBERIAN BLOCKADE: The Powers Finally Agree to Put Ring About War-Torn Spain

At last, European Powers, represented by the International Committee on Non-Intervention in London, agreed last week on enforcing a blockade on Spain after Portugal and Soviet Russia approved a face-saving device.

Beginning March 6, the Powers' accord to ban volunteers will be clinched when the Portuguese borders, main corridor of supply to the Spanish Insurgents, will be patrolled by 180 international observers.

At the same time, the Spanish waters on the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay will be blockaded by British, French, German and Italian naval units, Russia having gracefully excused herself on the score that her vessels were too outmoded and too far from home bases to safeguard the stormy Biscay seas.

Thus the rivalry between international fascism, as championed by Germany and Italy for the benefit of Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco, and communism, as championed by Soviet Russia in aid of the Loyalist forces, will be eliminated as a powerful factor as the Civil War enters its eighth month.

Vain Battering—While the Insurgents occupy the greater part of Spain in a circular sweep of territory, their dread Moors, Foreign Legionnaires and Italian and Nazi "volunteers" have vainly battered against Madrid's militia-buttressed defenses. Nor have they been able to break through the militia lines elsewhere in the Madrid sector, despite their superior equipment and Junker and Caproni bombers, which have been raking the tiny villages south and southwest of Madrid along the Jarama River, in a mad effort to capture the highway which leads to Valencia, temporary Loyalist Capital on the Mediterranean.

Last week, heeding the plea of aged Premier Francisco Largo Caballero, the Government approved the appointment of burly Gen. José Miaja, proletarian-born, to the supreme command of the Government's central troops. Supporting the Radical Socialist Premier were thousands of howling marchers who paraded the streets of Valencia to celebrate "Warriors' day" and call upon Communists, Socialists, to unite solidly. At the same time, fiery Dolores Ibarruri, famed as *La Pasionaria* (Passion Flower) among her Marxist brethren, clamored for greater unity of effort as she urged the Government to remove incompetent generals to whose drunkenness she attributed the fall of Malaga to the Rebel forces.

Bombing—Having won and lost positions on the Jarama front, General Franco's troops once more resorted to bombing the Capital as twelve Russian-made tanks lumbered forth to drive their defenders from the strategic Clinico Hospital, which they have held for two months in University City. The futile drive of the Loyalist defenders of Madrid resulted only in their loss of three tanks, bringing to seventy the number lost to the Rebels.

Once more, Oviedo occupied large headlines in Loyalist newspapers as Government headquarters detailed a heavy offensive against its Insurgent occupants by dynamite-throwing Asturian miners, who are said to have occupied the town's prison and driven the Rebels within ramparts and into underground defenses. Insurgent headquarters at Salamanca, northwest of Madrid, denied Loyalist success and asserted that their "Red" foes had lost 12,000 troops when they launched their attack in that sector.

While the new authority enabled General Miaja to coordinate his campaign and reenforce his defenses, he put his advantage to the test by adopting a strategy of "partial attacks," mostly on the northwestern Guadarrama and the northeastern Guadalajara sectors, where the winter snows are beginning to thaw. At the same time, to ease tension in Madrid, he ordered all civilians over forty-five to leave the city.

Provisioning—"The provisioning committee of Madrid," writes Richard Mowrer, correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, "announced that all except 350 groceries here will be closed, this time to insure a centralized system of food distribution. . . . Each store will handle 600 customers."

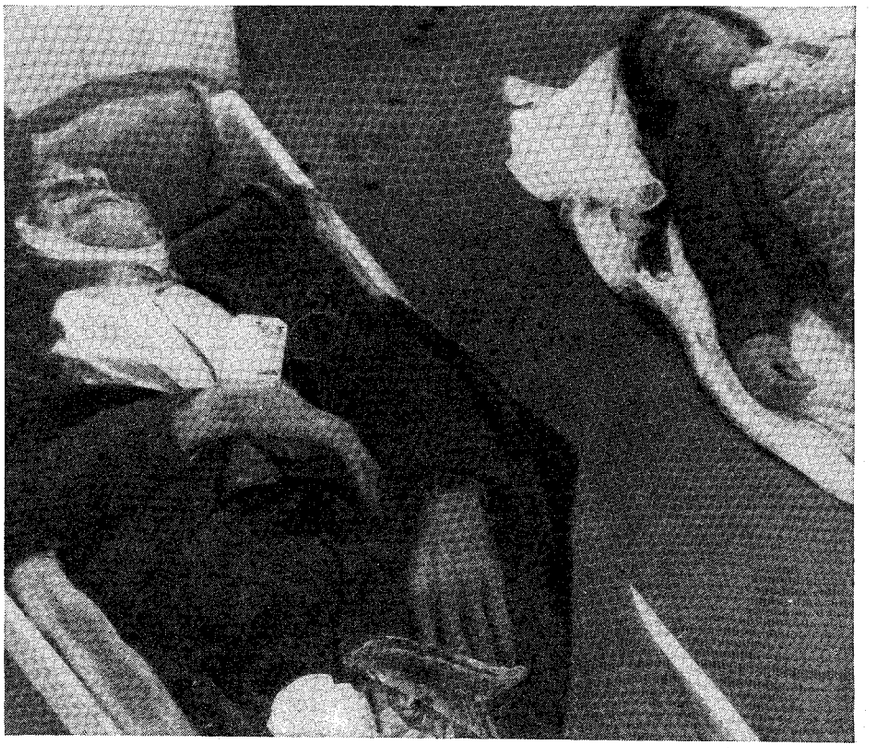
"General Miaja is the most important military figure to rise in Loyalist Spain," cables Herbert L. Matthews, Madrid correspondent for the New York *Times*. "The head of the delegated *Junta* for the defense of Madrid disdains brilliance, inspiration and suppleness for solid, hard-hitting tactics of the most obvious sort. His approach to military problems is not intellectual, but empirical, and his reliance is upon strength and forthrightness, rather than upon speed or methods of trickery."

RAS REMOVED: Italian Scourge Takes 1,800 Ethiop Lives, African Unrest Continues

A few weeks ago, Marshal Rudolfo Graziani, ex-"Scourge of Tripolitana" and current Viceroy of Victor Emmanuel III's Ethiopian Empire, made an extensive trip through southern Ethiopia. Back at his Capital, Addis Ababa, he cabled *Il Duce* jubilantly: "My trip demonstrates that everywhere tranquillity is absolute . . . the population is with Italy."

Joyful Italians ignored another official communiqué from Addis Ababa which, according to the New York *Times's* well-informed Rome correspondent, Arnaldo Cortesi, "listed a major and a lieutenant as killed during 'police operations' in January, and in the same month eight other officers, fifty soldiers and fourteen Black Shirts met death 'from various reasons of service or illness.'"

Last week, in common with 43,000,000



Pix

Madrid's morgue . . . a warehouse of death after an air raid by Franco

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other Italians, Graziani wished to celebrate the birth of Crown Prince Umberto's new-born son. He summoned Ethiopian bigwigs and Italian Colonial officials to a ceremony, distributed gifts to poor and needy *faccette nere.*

Unlike *Il Duce,** he was more daring than wise when he ordered his bodyguard to stay behind as he mingled freely with his "happy little dusky-faces." Standing by the Abuna Kyrillis, head of the Coptic Church, he extolled Italy's might and distributed gifts to bowing Ethiopians. But the humble recipients included patriotic assassins who had hid lethal hand-grenades in their baggy clothes.

Fumes—In addition to the Marshal and the air chief, the Abuna was injured, for chauvinistic Ethiopians have sworn deadly vengeance against the bishop, whom they accused of betraying them by submitting to the Italians.

In Rome, *Il Duce* fumed with anger, ordered severe reprisals, a mop-up of the remnants of rebels. Ironically enough, this "incident" occurred at the same time that Haile Selassie, now an unobtrusive resident in England, received and accepted an invitation to attend the Coronation of George VI next May.

"Incredible but true!" shrieked *Il Piccolo* (noon edition of the *Duce*-inspired *Giornale d'Italia).* "The British Government invites a representative of the deserter Tafari and one of the Valencia Reds (Spanish Loyalists) to the Coronation of George VI."

In the Palazzo Venezia, where Mussolini works in a huge, dimly-lighted room, there was ominous silence as at Addis Ababa summary courts martial sent hundreds of Ethiopian "plotters," rounded up by 30,000 *Carabinieri* and Black Shirts, to the firing squads to avenge the "criminal incident" which, the Italian press commented, "has so many precedents in the Capitals and important cities of Europe."

It was Graziani's "purge," for the "suspects" included scores of Ethiopians found possessing guns, which they usually carry to denote their rank. The Scourge snuffed out 1,800 lives, according to press reports.

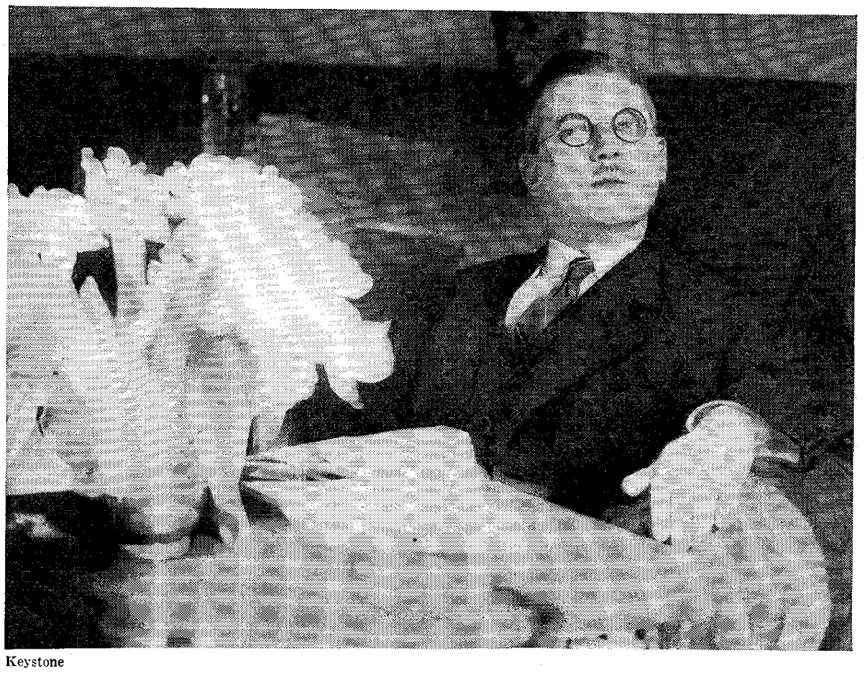
Ras Scouted—A few days later, the straight news leaked out when Graziani again reported to *Il Capo del Governo,* detailing the defeat of 3,000 "rebels" headed by Ras Dasta Demtu (son-in-law of Haile Selassie and last of the great chieftains), whom his scouts tracked down for the public executioner. The famous Ras had led his warriors to within striking distance of Addis Ababa, hoping to take advantage of the prearranged "incident." But the forewarned Graziani quickly withdrew his troops inside the barbed-wire entanglements, which still defend the outlying parts of the Capital.

Despite official denials, roving bands of Ethiopians still haunt the countryside. Sporadically, reports are issued about "lost columns" of Black Shirts, and the machine-gun detachment in front of St. George's Church at Addis Ababa clearly testifies to the insecurity of the Capital.

For Italian rule is secure only to within 100 miles of Addis Ababa westward, where 2,000,000 fierce Gallas occupy the tracts of heavily forested country, making Gore their provisional Capital and maintaining constant communication with their former Emperor.

Writing in the Rome *Tribuna,* Corrado Zoli, former Governor of Eritrea, admits: "Nobody must delude himself with the idea that the Shoans (Gallas north of Addis Ababa), who once dominated, oppressed and exploited all Ethiopia, have resigned themselves to the loss of their privileges and have welcomed the Italian Empire. . . . This is the reason why the situation in the Ethiopian Capital must for some time be watched carefully and be managed with an iron hand."

*Mussolini's bodyguard is composed of 300 picked policemen who must appear at ease in dinner clothes, workmen's overalls or sport costumes and follow him everywhere. They cost the Government $260,000 a year. At special ceremonies, his special bodyguard of 100 Black Musketeers, who wear silver daggers and silver skulls on their faces, appear. They are volunteers recruited for a period of one year, which may be renewed.



Keystone

Chancellor Schuschnigg torn between Countess and Constitution . . . the Countess has the odds

AUSTRIAN ROMEO: Chancellor Troubled by Love Affair, Hapsburgs and Anschluss

When business-like Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg wishes to embark Austria on an international policy, *Il Duce* is the first man he has to consult. Last week, he ably palavered *Fuehrer* Hitler's Foreign Minister, Baron Constantin von Neurath, into a meaningless *entente* for Austro-German intellectual cooperation, intimated to the press that the German's visit was successful in easing the tension between the two countries.

Plainly, Schuschnigg was able to sidetrack all reference to *anschluss,* and his steel-helmeted mounted police stoutly put down the riots which greeted the diplomatic guests. For von Neurath could report to Hitler that the shrill *"Heils!"* of Austrian Nazis were more than neatly matched by the guttural *"Hochs!"* of stalwarts of the Fatherland Front, of which the Chancellor is the official Commander.

Pinning "100 per cent. confidence in Premier Mussolini," Schuschnigg rules Austria with an iron hand, bars all but his own political Party, tho Vienna, as of old, continues to buzz with diplomatic intrigues, reports of Hapsburg restoration, of a Communist coup and especially threats by members of the Little *Entente* (Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania) and the Balkan *Entente* (Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece and Turkey).

The Balkan States, like Czechoslovakia, leaning heavily on French friendship, officially oppose both *anschluss* and Hapsburg return, disagree on which they would settle for, in the event they had to choose. England likewise has opposed either move, having regard for solid French alliance. Lately, however, London has shown an open mind toward restoring the Hapsburgs, for she deems the step conducive to eliminating the possibility of *anschluss* and, at the same time, weakening Hitler's hold both on Austrian and *Sudetedeutsch* (German minority in Czechoslovakia) Nazis.

Paradoxically enough, Italy's recent *rapprochement* with the Reich has not altered *Il Duce's* tacit decision to respect Austria's independence—a policy crystallized at the Stresa Conference when Britain, France and Italy agreed on a united front against German aggression on that country. Tho weakened by Italy's split with England and France over the Ethiopian and, later, the Spanish issues, diplomatic circles in London and Paris are now busily sending out feelers to patch up these differences and revive the *entente* to safeguard Austria against *anschluss,* delve into the question of establishing Archduke Otto on the Hapsburg throne.

Complication—Meantime the Chancellor is reported to be obsessed by an equally complicated problem.

For Schuschnigg, who lost his wife some eighteen months ago, is now said to be deeply in love with Countess Vera Fugger von und zu Chudenitz, *née* Countess Czernin, a niece of Ottokar Czernin, one of Austria-Hungary's War-time Foreign Ministers.

With four healthy, titled Fuggers sporting about the ancestral castle of Chudenitz, it would seem extremely hard to find legal grounds for dissolving the marriage

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of the Countess who, like the Chancellor, is a strict Roman Catholic. Since the Catholic Church's strict marriage laws are incorporated in Austria's Constitution, which bears Schuschnigg's own signature, even talk of attempting a divorce becomes fraught with political dynamite; for it would furnish his Nazi and Communist enemies with corking propaganda material against what they term his "priest-ridden régime."

Neither would Schuschnigg find it expedient to resign, for it might mean a return of the popular Fascist leader, Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg and his fire-belching *Heimwehr*.

Regardless of political consequences, the love-lorn Chancellor has already pushed the divorce proceedings through the two lower stages—the Archiepiscopal Court in Vienna and the Prince-Episcopal Court in Salzburg. It is now in the final stage before the Rota Court in Rome.

DOLL DAY: Japanese Families Spend Fabulous Sums for Annual Spring Festival of Little Girls

Hina Matsuri, Third Day of the Third Moon, was March 3 in the modern calendar of Nippon, Annual Festival of Dolls, or little Japanese girls' gala day.

All adult Japan gave itself wholly to delighting and amusing, not to say adoring, the girlhood of the Nation.

Like gay butterflies in their best heavy silk kimonos, little women fluttered from house to house all day calling on the dolls of their friends. At each door, they stepped out of their clacking *zori* (wooden sandals) and trotted in their white *tabi* (sockettes with the big toe separated like the thumb of a mitten) into the big room where the family collection of dolls was displayed. In wonder, they gaped up the stepped shelves to the top step where, in each collection, an Emperor and Empress in period costumes sat enthroned.

Work of a master and of fantastic value they were, if the family was wealthy. Almost every household had a better Emperor and Empress than it could well afford.

On the lower steps, in the order of their rank, postured the court hierarchy, court ladies, court nobles, officials, minstrels and dancers, in the traditional costumes of old Japan. No dolls to be fondled and handled were these.

Connoisseur—"How true they are!" "How correct the dress!" "Precisely the costume for the season." "Exactly the period." "How rightly the rank is indicated!"

Thus, in strangely formal language for children, they commented as little adult connoisseurs. Then, in most homes, they seated themselves in a row on the floor before the display, as "guests of the dolls."

Whether peasant's wife or princess of the blood, the mother of the household served them a miniature snack in doll-dishes scarcely larger than thimbles, dishes so small the ends of the chop-sticks would hardly go in them. As a special holiday treat, she poured a midget bowl of *sake* (rice wine).

Talk is all of little girls and of dolls and—since this is March—of the other great feature of Japan's spring, the opening of Nippon's more than 100 varieties of cherry-blossoms, which make cherry-blossom clouds of great stretches of country.

Some one always repeats the famous *uta*, ancient classic verse, on the Soul of the *Samurai:*

Shikishimano Yamato gokorowo Hito-towaba
Asahini iwo-o yamazakurakana.

"If one asks: 'What of the Soul of Yamato?'

"Behold the mountain-cherry scenting the light of morn."

Meaningless it may be to Occidentals; but little Japanese girls understand that as the cherry-blossoms know when to flutter to earth, so the *Samurai* knew when to die.

Enormous place in the emotional life of Japanese families is given to these doll collections; and on *Hina Matsuri*, except for the cherry-blossoms, they monopolize the front pages of the press. Wars, cabinet crises, finance and crime are, with complete unanimity, relegated to inside pages.

When daughters are born—even the Imperial Princesses Shigeko, now eleven; Princess Kazuko, eight; Princess Atsuko, six—gifts of formal dolls are given while they are still infants in arms. Such extravagant prices are paid for them that it is a byword that a Japanese family ruins itself for dolls and funerals.

In wealthy families, the collections are of great value; that of the Count Ogasawara family is estimated as worth between $50,000 and $70,000.

Makers of the dolls have standing in Tokyo equivalent at least to that of premier Paris dressmakers, a tradition not immediately understood by Occidentals, and occasion of frequent droll misunderstanding.

Shogun Keiki presented a doll collection of fantastic value to visiting Occidental royalty who, unaware that the gift was the deepest reverence the Shogun could make, accepted the dolls as minor curios. And even to-day, Japanese gentlemen present $50 or $60 dolls to little British or American girls, only to hear with horror a week later that undressing, dressing, bathing, feeding and repeated puttings-to-bed and spankings have caused them to fall apart.

Hina Matsuri is over for this year. Little Japanese boys will have their day on May 5, *Tango-no-Sekku* (boys' festival of flags), with warrior-dolls, heroes of legend in armor, martial flags and streamers.

Fritz Henle from Black Star

Festival in miniature: delicate musicians play, porcelain mothers and children dance . . . Japanese fortunes are spent on the hierarchy of dolls for "Hina Matsuri"

FOREIGN FLASHES

Rome—Completed barely in time to be solemnly blessed March 7, Laetare Sunday, by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, was a spray of golden roses, *chef d'oeuvre* of Vatican Jeweler Mistruzzi. With a capsule of Holy Balsam in the heart of the largest rose, the spray will be presented after Easter to Her Majesty the Queen of Italy and Empress of Ethiopia. Last Queen to receive the rose was Elisabeth of the Belgians in 1925, on the Silver Jubilee of her marriage. The custom originated before the eleventh century.

* * *

Tokyo—Japanese purists are protesting the use of "Nipponese English" in Tokyo shop-signs. "Milk Hole," they insist, is no name for a shop selling dairy products; nor is "Please Try on Maid" a dignified announcement of a sale of ready-made men's clothing. "Head-cutting" for hair-cutting, and "Crook Room" over the door of a coat check-room are not, say Tokyo linguists, likely to encourage English-speaking visitors to the 1940 Olympic Games.

* * *

Birmingham, England — Importation of jews'-harps into Germany has completely ceased, according to the Birmingham family which for 200 years has had a world monopoly of their manufacture. With a staff of only ten artizans, this family produces the total output, half of which is sold in Great Britain, a quarter of which goes to the United States, and a substantial part of the remaining 25 per cent. of which used to go to Germany.

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Parade

Hollywood statisticians, ever on the lookout for data, have finally analyzed the romance situation in the film capital. For the survey, 100 recent romances of film folk were chosen. Results showed that these affairs of the heart averaged four months, fifteen days. Twelve led to the altar, seventy-six began in the studio. Forty-six developed when **Boy Met Girl** in the cast of the same picture. In ninety-two cases, the parties remained good friends after the romance was over. When one party was not in the film industry, the love-affair usually led to marriage. The others, for the most part, merely started the four-month, fifteen-day vigil over again.

* * *

Prohibited from soliciting in public, Hungarian beggars are to receive uniforms and living-quarters. More than one million pengos have been subscribed by the population of Budapest for the upkeep of beggars. Archduke Joseph and former **Prime Minister Count Gyula Karolyi** have guaranteed annual contributions. It is believed that crime will be reduced.

* * *

"I never have a ghost for any of my writing," declared **Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt** on the eve of publishing her autobiography, "This Is My Story." "I wouldn't, because I like doing it too well myself." She explained that she had dictated most of it to her secretary, beginning on the Presidential campaign train last fall. Furthermore, she had shown the work to the President, and neither he nor any one else had blue-penciled it.

* * *

At the age of thirty-nine, **Hans Lange,** optician in Cospeda, Thuringia, learned that he was a descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte. The revelation has changed his entire personality. To-day, he wears clothes of the same cut as Napoleon, simulates the life of the Emperor. Mentally and physically, he has become like his ancestor. Lange believes he will live until he is fifty-two, the age at which Napoleon died at St. Helena.

* * *

A vigorous demonstration of the art of shampooing was given in New York recently by **Edith Sasse,** three and one-half years old. If her mother hadn't come along, the young miss would have left her lather in pyramid form, not bothered to remove the soap. When the parent applied the spray, Edith let out a mighty howl.

* * *

"Most people are out of date on nutrition and malnutrition—my own wife is," commented **Viscount Astor,** husband of the American-born Member of Parliament. "No food that one can give adults can remedy the effects of malnutrition during childhood."

* * *

After "a house-to-house canvass of all members who could speak above a whisper," **Robert Benchley,** humorist, found that his class, Harvard 1912, is in "terrible shape." Crestfallen, he discovered that the class had produced only one Bishop of Albania, "or, at any rate, only one Bishop of Albania who later became Prime Minister." But things were still worse. "If I were a calamity howler," Benchley added, "I could show that 72 per cent. haven't got $3,000,000 to their name, 91 per cent. can't juggle, and we haven't a single President of the United States."

* * *

According to **Hubert C. Heffner,** Northwestern University's Professor of Dramatic Literature, filmdom's child stars are just "animated dolls" and far removed from prodigies. He charged that too strict coaching of lines and acting robbed juveniles of natural charm, making them puppets. Meanwhile in Hollywood, Shirley Temple was again placed as Box-Office Draw No. 1.

* * *

"The trouble with me," said **Mitzi Mayfair,** twenty-one-year-old dancer, "is that I've grown up too fast. Oh, yes, there are several men who like me, but if they're my own age, or even twenty-three or twenty-five, they seem like babies to me. And the older ones . . well, most of them are *blasé,* and if they have lots of money they think they can buy everything. I'm a funny, old-fashioned creature. I mean I don't like to encourage any one unless I'm fond of them."

* * *

Yonezo Okamoto, Japanese author and art patron, takes Hollywood to task for false impressions of America now held abroad. "Kidnaping, murdering, fake love-stories as depicted in American movies cause boys and girls in foreign countries to believe every one is like that in America and that those things are quite acceptable. Kissing in public was unheard of in Japan a very few years ago. Now high-school students kiss, they drink, they smoke."

* * *

According to **Cameron Rogers,** author of "Manila Galleon" and "Gallant Ladies," every woman is a potential novelist, every woman has one big novel she can write. "A woman, as long as I can remember, has been the author of every best-seller which is also a first novel," he said.

* * *

Altho to-day's little boys are wise guys, **Booth Tarkington,** kid glorifier of another generation, still believes they are normal little barbarians. "The movies and the radio bring to to-day's little boys scenes and sounds *Penrod* and *Sam* could scarcely imagine. There's more sophistication among the children of to-day. It is inevitable," he declared.

* * *

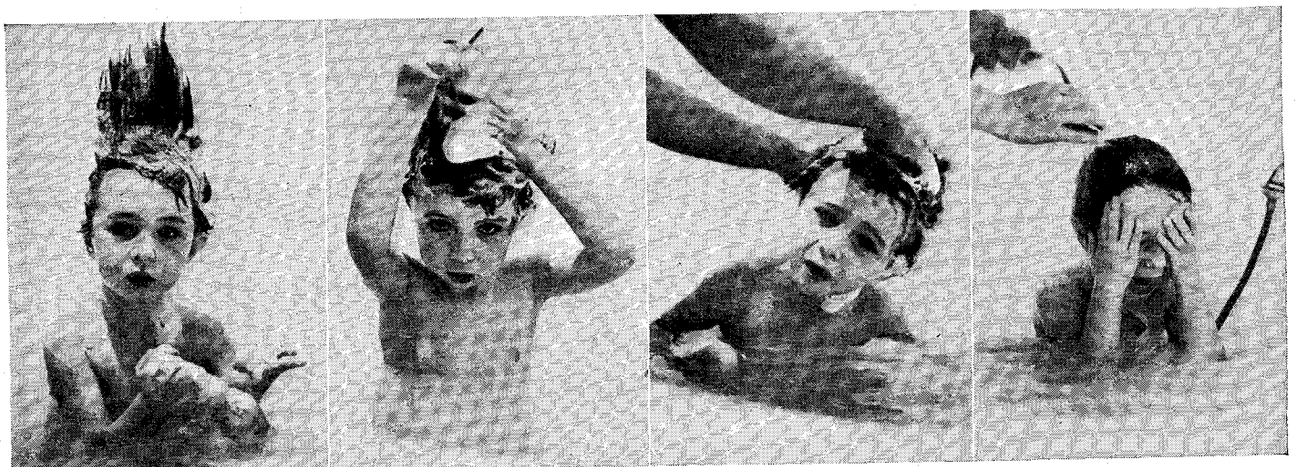
Washington librarians need feel no surprize this month if there is a rush on Edgar Allen Poe's poem "The Raven." In fact, secretaries at many of the embassies may be up all night translating the immortal words into divers tongues. Reason is that **Nanette Gude Bayne,** social light and linguist, is giving a reading of the poem in eight languages. Most unusual of the interpretations are said to be those in Lap and Chinese.

* * *

Handsome **Mitzie Greene,** Miami university basketball player, won the campus beauty queen election by a landslide. Twenty-five pretty co-eds were turned down by voters in favor of the hairy-chested, freckled student with the catchy name. Notified while he was shaving, Greene howled: "I abdicate. If my picture goes in 'The Recensio' (the college yearbook) with those women, it will be over my dead body."

* * *

"I have never seen the time when I had more faith in the human mind and its workings," declared **Carl Sandburg,** poet. 'I have less hope of the educated classes than I ever had, but I have more confidence than ever in the few born 'naturals' in the educated classes, those who are going to do the things that can not be predicted. I am not afraid of the young people. I can name more fools among the young, but I can name more hypocrites and pretenders among the old."



For Edith Sasse shampooing is fun . . . when you handle things yourself . . . but when Ma supervises the job . . . it becomes uncomfortable business

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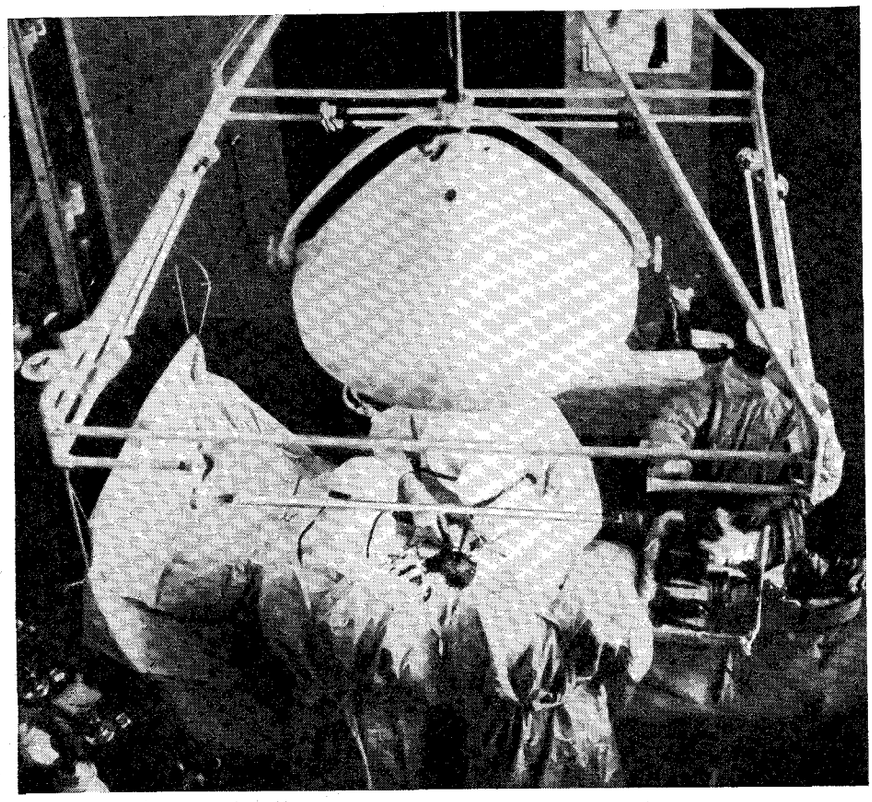
GERM-KILLING LAMP PRESERVES FOOD

Mold Eliminated, Meat Tenderized by Ultra-Violet Death Rays



Light rays emanate from yards of glass tubing to destroy harmful bacteria

"The goose hangs high" because the ancients long ago learned that high-hung meat insures a tender dish for the table.

Freshly slaughtered meat is almost invariably tough meat because the enzymes (digestive catalysts naturally present in the meat's tissues) have not had a chance to go to work.*

Hence it is common practise for good meat to be "hung" for a period of four to six weeks. It loses weight, becomes tender, sprouts a crop of fuzzy mold-whiskers which brings an approving gleam to the eye of the gastronome. He knows that the most succulent steaks come from high-hung meat, that the most delectable cuts are so treated.

Meat is hung in refrigerated rooms, the low temperatures inhibiting mold-growth and producing weight shrinkage. Unfortunately, refrigeration also slows the action of enzymes, whose job it is to break down the tough fibers. Higher temperatures greatly speed the tenderizing process, but they also accelerate bacterial action, which tends to spoil the meat.

Death Rays—Last week, speaking before the Toronto section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, A. R. Dennington of the Westinghouse Lamp Company described a method still under experimentation by which packers can heat their meat and have it too. By spraying the aging chamber with ultra-violet death rays—deadly only to molds and bacteria—storage temperatures and humidity can be increased sufficiently to tenderize meat in four or five days instead of the usual four to six weeks.

Responsible for this new industrial speed-up process is a slender gas-filled tube which the Westinghouse Company has named the Sterilamp. The gadget is beguilingly simple in appearance, looks more like a bluish neon tube than an instrument which already threatens to upset the routine of hospitals, bakeries, dairies, restaurants and dozens of as yet unsuspecting businesses.

Less than a yard long and about the diameter of a man's thumb, the Sterilamp is fitted with electrodes at either end, filled with gases—mercury, neon, argon and others. Current discharged through the gases sets up a bluish glow, generates ultra-violet waves in an extremely narrow band of the spectrum selected for its bacterial killing power.

Most laymen know that ultra-violet is that region beyond the violet end of the spectrum which produces light waves invisible to the human eye. But not many are aware that within the broad range of ultra-violet are wave-lengths just as different from one another as green light rays are from red.

Gas Mixture—The mixture of gases in the Sterilamp produce highly specialized ultra-violet rays which devote themselves single-heartedly to cracking down on bacteria. At the Westinghouse laboratories in Bloomfield, New Jersey, where Dr. Robert F. James and Dr. Harvey Rentschler developed the Sterilamp, they show a motion-picture which reveals graphically just what happens to germs luckless enough to encounter the death rays. A colony of paramecia exposed to Sterilamp rays swell up, groan and shudder and disintegrate right on the movie-screen.

In hospital operating-rooms extreme precautions are taken to avoid contamination.

Surgeons and nurses scrub themselves with soap and carbolic acid; instruments and rubber gloves and sponges are boiled in sterilizers; operators wear masks and white robes over their clothing. Yet, even with these precautions, infections sometimes occur after operations.

Where do the germs come from? Dr. Deryl Hart, surgeon-in-chief at Duke Hospital, Durham, North Carolina, decided that they came from the mouths and throats of the surgeons and nurses. Years ago, the great Lister, father of antiseptic surgery, hooked up a donkey-engine to spray a carbolic acid solution about the room while he was operating. What Doctor Hart wanted was a device which would kill germs while he operated, without harming the patient or the surgeon.

The Westinghouse Company cooperated on the problem, decided that the particular wave-lengths to lay down as an operating-room barrage were babies of the ultra-violet spectrum in the region designated by physicists as 2,700 Angstrom units. These rays kill germs without subjecting human beings to intolerable sunburn. Decidedly unwanted were the long ultra-violet wave-lengths which produce blistering burns, and shorter ones which are costly to produce and readily absorbed and dispersed by the air.

Germ Destroyer—Eight Sterilamp tubes were arranged around a conventional operating-room lamp. Laboratory tests soon proved that the radiant energy destroyed germs by the billions. Plates sprayed with suspensions of common staphylococcus germs were exposed five feet from the rays, and in five minutes the plates yielded nothing but bacterial corpses.

Wounds of animals exposed to the rays healed more rapidly than those not so treated. The one remaining step was to use the Sterilamp apparatus in actual operations.

"Operating-room infections, which were fairly common before these tubes were installed, practically disappeared," Doctor Hart reported to *Modern Hospital*.

Westinghouse engineers admit they have no idea how many industrial applications await the Sterilamp. But enough experimental work has been completed to capture the imagination. Some day these commercial death-ray tubes may be installed in theaters to eliminate cold and influenza contagions, in schoolrooms to protect children from infections. Principal obstacle to such installations at present is the fact that ultra-violet energy produces eye inflammations if spectacles are not worn.

Bakery Aid—Foods such as salads, candy, nuts, fruit, flour and salad dressing, particularly subject to attack by molds, are especially suitable to preservation by exposure to Sterilamp rays. Particular study has been given to bakery installations. One large bakery turned out 750,000 fruit cakes in three years, lost 10 per cent. of them through mold invasion. Fruit cakes irradiated by the Sterilamp showed practically no mold loss, saved a single baker $7,500. Elimination of mold means not only a

*Well-known to natives of the tropics are the enzymic properties of the papaya. Tough meat, soaked in the juice of the papaya, becomes extremely tender within an hour or two.

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spoilage saving, but an increase in quality, since the product can be baked with a higher moisture content, resulting in improved texture. It is estimated that 100,000,000 loaves of bread are spoiled by mold each year.

Possibly sterilization will become the successor of Pasteurization in milk processing.

Some people prefer raw milk, believing that the heat of Pasteurization affects its taste. Milk passed in a thin film beneath a battery of Sterilamps for an interval of forty-two seconds becomes 98 per cent. sterile.

In restaurants, the problem of sterilizing glassware has always been troublesome. Drinking-glasses passed under the high-powered bacteria guns of the ultra-violet tubes can be sterilized at the rate of twenty-four a minute. Sterilamps cost $10 for the thirty-inch size, have a life of 4,000 hours.

Germs are the particular victims of these highly specialized little radiant energy tubes, but the common house-fly is attracted by the bluish gleam, wanders into the area of exposure and goes off into a corner to die ignobly of a lethal case of sunburn.

FLESH SCULPTORS: Screen Players Find It's Fun to Keep Healthy—Here's How

The girl with the piquant face, a movie star in the making, watched the studio physical director apprehensively. Her short gymnasium trunks and pull-over sweater revealed her figure as undeniably plumpish in spots.

"Will I have to diet?" she asked anxiously.

The gymnasium instructor grinned a little wearily.

They always asked that. He studied the girl with the impersonal eye of a sculptor in flesh.

"You not only won't have to diet," he said, "but I strictly forbid it. Rope-skipping and a few fast exercises will burn off fatty tissue without developing undesirable muscle to take its place."

Last week, any week, this little scene was enacted in the gymnasiums of any major Hollywood studio. Nine times out of ten, the physical director tells the movie star and the star-to-be: "Eat what you like, within reason."

New Diet—Freak diets are definitely "out" in the movie colony. The new Hollywood health formula calls for (1) exercise; (2) common sense.

Altho most of the studios have built elaborately equipped gymnasia right on the lot—Warner Brothers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Paramount are conspicuous examples—no cinema actor, no director or executive patronizes them because it is so nominated in the bond.

Rather, he seeks them out for the soundest of business reasons: The wise-cracking ingenue and the sigh-wrenching leading man must be so explosively healthy that vitality just naturally bursts out all over the screen. The box-office takes a lacing when actors are noticeably lacking in pep, vigor, or what the gym man calls "the old zip."

When young players arrive on the Paramount lot they are taken to the gymnasium, where Director Davies gives them an exercise routine. Faults of posture, carriage and weight are noted for correction. Day after day, the young player returns and is put through exercise paces until specifications are met. Male players get work-outs that would dismay a longshoreman.

Out at the Metro lot in Culver City, Donald Loomis is a studio physical director with definite ideas. He orders exercises to build up weight as well as to take it off. One of his conspicuous successes is Robert Taylor, top heart-flutterer of the 1937 season. When he came to Metro, Taylor needed additional poundage distributed about his person to bulge biceps and expand the chest-line in the right places.

Muscle—To Loomis, putting on weight means adding muscle. He prescribed barbell exercises for Taylor, and a series of heavy exercises involving the pulling of weights and other resistance apparatus—all done slowly but with real muscular exertion. This developed Taylor's muscles, at the same time burning away surplus fat, gave him abundant energy and a reputed salary of $3,500 a week.

For reducing, Loomis recommends light calisthenics, rapid waving of arms, rope-skipping.

"In no case must fat be taken off too quickly, or it will return immediately," Loomis warns.

"The secret is to build up muscle to take its place."

For this purpose, he advises bar-bells, Indian clubs, a lightly weighted exercising-machine. Massage, being a form of exercise, he uses both for reducing and increasing weight. In some cases, a hot cabinet is helpful for healthy reducing. But diets are almost never advised, it being a fixed belief of this Hollywood health expert that a person may eat anything if he takes enough exercise to burn up the surplus fuel.

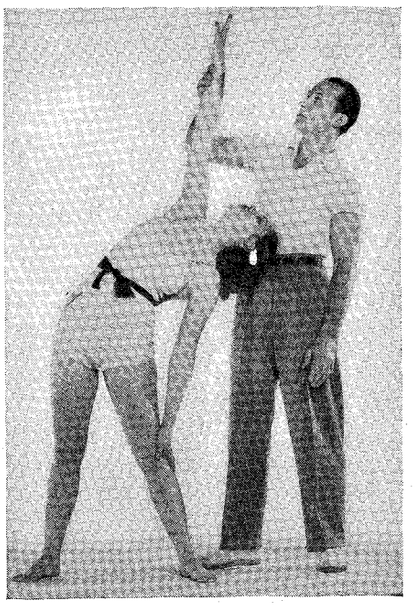
"Proper exercise makes diets unnecessary," Loomis says. "Many diets, especially if not carefully supervised, may actually be dangerous."

That diets can be dangerous, Hollywood

Miss Harlow keeps stream-lined by swimming

Graybill, MGM

Madge Evans keeps pounds from accumulating by following an exercise formula



Metro's Mr. Loomis keeps beauties beautiful

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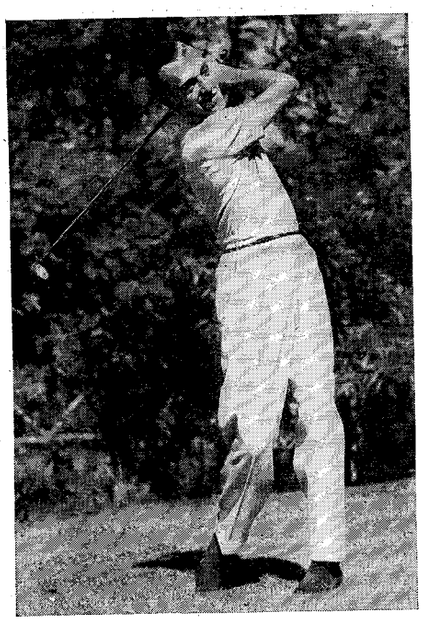

Fred Astaire takes to golf and stays limber

Marlene Dietrich keeps busy and forgets to sleep when pounds and ounces gather

Ginger Rogers finds tennis an "anti" for fat

knows too well. The tragic deaths of Renée Adorée, Louis Wolheim and Barbara LaMarr, attributed to unwise dieting, still linger in studio memories. So does the so-called "Hollywood Diet" which swept the country a few years ago—a freak regimen which unquestionably reduced weight because it provided but half the food allowance normally needed by the body. A triumph of press-agentry, the Hollywood Diet was commercially inspired, used the name of the movie city for business glamour.

Rules—General health rules given by Loomis can be adopted by any one in or out of Hollywood: Drink a glass of warm water with the juice of a lemon upon arising.

Take deep breathing exercises before an open window, followed by a tepid shower—not too warm nor too cold. Begin breakfast with a glass of fruit juice. Avoid drinks that are too hot or too cold. Do not salt food; most foods contain sufficient natural salts.

Eight hours of sleep are essential, Loomis says. He advises sleeping without a pillow, but suggests that the mattress be tilted at the head of the bed by putting blocks beneath it. A brisk walk before retiring often induces sleep. Another unusual method of combating insomnia which Loomis gives his cinema customers is this: Lie on your side in bed, move the shoulders slowly backward until they lie flat, follow by throwing the leg over until you are lying flat on the other side of the bed.

This, says Loomis, loosens the vertebra and releases nervous tension.

Symmetry is the objective of Hollywood body sculptors. For bust-reduction, Loomis has a simple formula: Jump up and down with no support. Exercises in which the arms are forced backward and forward horizontally are used to develop the upper chest.

To develop the calf, rope-skipping, dancing, raising the body on the toes is recommended. Bar-bells are used for shoulder development.

Favorites—Each Hollywood star has his own favorite exercise formula. Fred Astaire takes no routine exercise of any kind, plays tennis and golf because he likes the games. Ginger Rogers is an all-round sports enthusiast who takes up badminton one week, ping-pong the next, tennis the week after that. Jack Oakie rides a bicycle to keep his rotund figure within bounds.

Joe Penner pitches baseballs at a robot catcher in his back yard. Katharine Hepburn never diets, keeps in condition by taking long walks, playing golf.

Marlene Dietrich cuts down on sleep if she finds that she is gaining. Carole Lombard keeps trim by bowling, swimming, riding.

Claudette Colbert is a tennis enthusiast. Joan Crawford mixes tennis and badminton, as caught by the camera for this week's DIGEST cover.

Jean Harlow swims and golfs. Madge Evans is one of Loomis' star gymnasium pupils.

Clark Gable is a fervid outdoor man, Nelson Eddy golfs, Lionel Barrymore swaps punches with a bag.

Most stars follow their exercise routine because they love it.

Hollywood long ago discovered that it's fun to keep healthy.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Ancestors—Cavemen weren't so tough. Most of them died at forty, almost none reached the ripe age of fifty, according to studies of prehistoric skulls reported by Prof. Henri Vallois to the French Academy of Sciences.

* * *

News—At long last, it is news when a dog bites a man. It is not only news, but a vital statistic to Illinois health officers, who now require that any animal biting a human being be reported and made to undergo examination for rabies.

* * *

Oyster—A petrified "erster" one yard wide and four feet long has been restored by National Park Service geologists, who found it in the Texas Big Bend country. Six of these bivalves on the half-shell would have provided a fair-sized meal for a contemporary dinosaur.

* * *

Medicine—Rebellious *Johnny* may no longer have to take his medicine like a man—that is, gulped from a teaspoon with a wry face. Medicinal gases which can be breathed into the lungs like anesthetics have been suggested to the French Academy of Medicine as a possible means of doing away with hypodermic injections and the swallowing of unpalatable mixtures.

* * *

Olfactometry—Add achievements of science: Unpleasant odors from Pullman cars can now be frozen and delivered in chunks to experts investigating the efficiency of air-conditioning systems. Air samples from railway-cars are drawn through a tube cooled by dry ice, where the moisture content in which the odors are concentrated is frozen into a "smell sample."

* * *

Fog—Many air-plane crashes may be prevented by small balloons which carry temperature-sensitive instruments high above the clouds. Presence of an abnormally warm layer of air several thousand feet up precedes fog formation. Hence by dropping a parachute or flashing a light when entering such strata, the balloon warns of a coming fog several hours before it appears.

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Stage and Screen

TIBETAN DREAM: "Lost Horizon," $2,000,000 Job, One of Year's Distinguished Cinemas

On the impetus of Director Frank Capra's enthusiasm, Columbia Pictures heaped up more than $2,000,000, a million square feet of white plaster, bought a bale of wolfskins and set cameras grinding on "Lost Horizon," a film version of James Hilton's fantastic novel. The last camera whirled twenty-four and a half months later.

Other studios, taking fire from an executive's zeal, have poured similar sums into the making of a motion-picture and have emerged with disaster in the form of ten reels of expensive goo. Columbia itself has emerged from toil with an occasional sleazy item not worth a tenth of what was paid for its production.

No such sorry fate overtakes this amazing motion-picture. Thanks chiefly to the Capra knowledge of what motion-pictures are for and Robert Riskin's expert treatment of a difficult story, "Lost Horizon" is a stunning, deeply moving film.

From the moment of the riot and revolution in Baskul, to the last desperate blizzard at the outpost of the Tibetan lamasery, it is a constantly winning and forceful event, telling its grim fantasy in the smoothest terms.

Cost—Into it, with what would appear to be reckless concern for the value of a whole dollar, the studio put a fortune, the director and cast put their best talents. No one is going to believe the story for five minutes; it is reasonable to think no one will forget it for hours. It has a curious and haunting quality, fetching deep into the emotions.

Consider Hilton's premise: A young career man in British diplomacy hungers for a place of peace, where people dwell in concord, where greed, war, ugliness and crime do not exist and never could. He writes essays and books on his yearning. Several of these books find their way to Shangri-La, a lamasery hidden deep behind the peaks of high Tibet. There a 300-year-old priest, who stumbled on the serene valley years before, reads them, decides that *Robert Conway*, the Briton, is the one living man who can carry on the ideals of the community. He has *Conway* kidnaped and brought there.

Conway's defenseless companions in the air-plane which speeds them to Tibet are an absconding stock promoter, a bitterly disillusioned girl, a rebellious younger brother and a witless paleontologist.

In the Valley of the Blue Moon, each reacts separately to the persuasive peace of the place. The elder *Conway* becomes enamored of a girl, heeds the ancient High Lama's request and elects to stay on forever. His younger brother perishes in a wilful attempt to get away. The stock promoter, who had been a plumber, goes back to his old trade and sets about piping water into the community. The disillusioned girl regains her health. The paleontologist becomes a school-teacher to the peasant children.

Clash—Hilton wrote it as a study of man's clash with his ideals and of his ever-gnawing hunger to better himself. Capra has transcribed it in the same terms.

Capra read the book while making "It Happened One Night." It touched him; he decided he wanted the original manuscript. He commissioned a London agent to get it for him, set a sum beyond which he would not go in bidding for it. He got it for even less, opened the package tremulously when it arrived. Out tumbled a sheaf of cheap scratch-pad paper.

Months later, during the early filming of the picture, Hilton visited the Columbia studio in Hollywood, was shown to Capra's office. Capra wordlessly reached into a desk-drawer, drew out the wad of cheap paper. Hilton blushed.

"I was pressed for funds when I wrote the book," he explained. "I had to use the cheapest paper. It would have cost me only the price of another meal or two to have written it on better paper."

Then Capra blushed.

Fantasy—Few things are more difficult for the terse film camera than capturing and sustaining a dream-like quality. Habitually, a gossamer theme turns out as a hopeless, self-conscious mess. For short, quick scenes it is possible to achieve the haunting note. For six reels out of nine, it is a task to crack skulls and drive men to beating their heads against walls. Capra's skull is reportedly intact, he beat himself against no walls.

Notable shots: The steady, relentless climb of the transport plane as it fights for altitude to skim across the Tibetan peaks, culminating in a sudden breakdown of the twin engines and the crash of a plane into a mountainside while a blizzard rages.

The single-file march of the Tibetan peasants at night up the valley walls to the lamasery, each carrying a lantern. The camera shoots down and shows a crawling, wiggling, chanting army of seeming fireflies mounting steadily in the blackness to the moonlit expanse of the temple itself which sprawls for 1,000 feet across the top of the mountain.

The icy, wind-shredded wastes of the Tibetan slopes across which the winds howl at hurricane force, sending tons of spray, snow and ice before them to kill the midget mortals fighting the storms.

Aids—Capra had the knowing help of Ganahl Carson, creator of special effects, and Joseph Walker, chief cameraman.

Ronald Colman supplies another of his customarily able performances in the rôle of *Conway*, the dreamer-diplomat, and Jane Wyatt is astonishingly lovely as the girl who helped in the plane to bring *Conway* to Shangri-La. They have capable support from Margo, Edward Everett Horton, Sam Jaffe, Thomas Mitchell, John Howard, Isabell Jewell and H. B. Warner.

Jaffe has the trying work of seeming a 300-year-old priest, steeped in wisdom, compassion and tolerance. With less skilled dialog and direction, he might have seemed merely a maundering, silly old man croaking out copy-book maxims.

Least happy in his rôle is Horton, chiefly because the nature of the picture does not admit of high comedy and much of the clowning is intrusive.

Miss Jewell is excellent in the rôle of the disillusioned girl. That's a hard trick all by itself.

"Lost Horizon" is one of the distinguished motion-pictures of the year and a steadily compelling screen experience.

Film Ratings

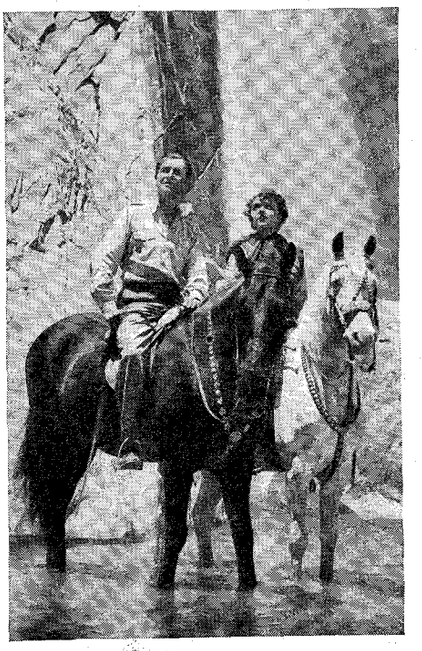
These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Winterset"; "Lost Horizon"; "That Girl From Paris"; "One in a Million"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth"; "When You're in Love."

AAA—"The Garden of Allah"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

Fantastic illusion created in story of a daring kidnaping in a blizzard and . . .



. . . subsequent love-affair of Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt set in a "Lost Horizon"

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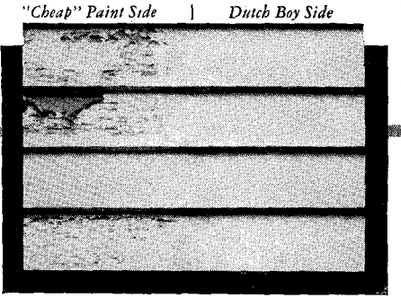
HAPPY Homecoming

WHEN THE WORK OF THE DAY IS OVER
AND YOUR TIME IS ALL YOUR OWN
THEN COMES THE HAPPIEST MOMENT
WHEN YOU REACH THE PLACE CALLED HOME

ANY HOUSE WORTHY OF THE NAME OF HOME
—IS WORTH PROTECTING WITH DUTCH BOY!



Double House Shows Up "Cheap" Paint

Look what happened when one half of a double house was painted with "cheap" paint and the other with Dutch Boy. Both jobs are two years old. The "cheap" paint job saved the owner $16 over Dutch Boy. But now it's going to cost him $160—for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat, and repainting. Dutch Boy will continue to protect its side for years to come.

HOMECOMING is especially happy—after your house has been newly painted. What a satisfaction to see the old place looking so new and cheerful again—fairly sparkling with color!

But—if "cheap" paint has been used—that satisfaction will be short-lived. Look carefully at the left-hand side of the photograph. It shows the kind of shabby trick "cheap" paint always plays on property owners.

When paint goes to pieces like this, there's no way to patch it up. To make the house look respectable again you have to burn and scrape off the worthless paint right down to the wood. Then, before repainting, you have to put on a new priming coat. *Who said "cheap" paint was cheap?*

Now consider the Dutch Boy side of the ledger. Instead of cracking and scaling, Dutch Boy White-Lead stubbornly resists the weather—wears down slowly by gradual chalking. After years, the surface is still smooth and unbroken, an ideal foundation for new paint.

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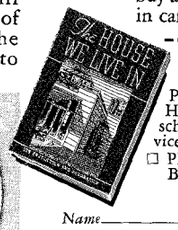
The Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan requires no down payment. And you have two years to pay . . . in surprisingly small monthly installments. The coupon below will bring you full information and a copy of "The House We Live In", one of the most helpful booklets ever offered to home owners. Shows a wide variety of new and attractive color schemes. Tells how to get your biggest money's worth when you buy a paint job. Write to Dept. 268, in care of nearest branch.



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Hours of chorus routine can be tiring even under the directorship of Warner Baxter

SHOW-GIRLS: Hard Work, Little Play Make Short Working Life for Modern Chorines

Two thousand in number, but one in rhythm, dance the modern *Cinderellas* of Hollywood and New York. Twelve hundred strong to-day in Hollywood, they turn on that "personality smile," each hoping that her blonde head will be the one in fifty over which the golden wand of success will wave. On Broadway last week, 500 were kicking their slim and shapely legs at 100 to 1 odds that they will become Miriam Hopkinses.

Tapping out their routine—even more grueling than the scullery tasks of the *Cinderella* of fable—their aching feet may long for the silver slippers of Lucille Le Seur, who was transformed into Princess Joan Crawford. Others, when the endless grind is whacking at their resistance, perhaps cast envious eyes at Olive McClure, the dancer who married Bertrand Taylor, of the New York Stock Exchange.

Overlooked—But the pace is so fast few find time to remember Doris Dawn, golden-haired nineteen-year-older, whose lavender-gowned body crashed down one night from the sixteenth-story window of a New York hotel. Nor do they like to recall Vivian Gordon, the "Broadway Butterfly," who testified in a vice investigation, later was found dead on a roadside of New York's Van Cortlandt Park.

Memory is fleeting because life is short. The average chorus-girl has a dancing span of four years. And in order to fill her obligations, she must lead a well-ordered life, working hard, playing little. Her longest and busiest days are those while rehearsals are under way—and her pay is only half of a $40 a week average salary.

Routine — Vivacious, dark-eyed Marquita Nicolai, show-girl in the Broadway musical hit, "Red Hot and Blue," offers a typical rehearsal time case-history. Five years ago, she came from Texas to seek her fortune in New York. A year and a half of studying carriage and dancing won her a job as an advertising model. One of the better cigarette girls, she found her way to Broadway in "Anything Goes."

Her schedule:

By 9 o'clock in the morning, Marquita has bathed, dressed and eaten a substantial breakfast, including orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee (there is no need for her to diet; she'll get plenty of exercise during the next twelve hours).

At 10 o'clock she's at the theater, running through the routines of Act I.

Twelve, noon, allows her two hours for lunch and shopping. Thence to the theater for another round of routines until 5. Tired and hungry, she freshens up for a three-hour dinner rest period, returning to the theater for difficult hours of rehearsal lasting until nearly midnight. "But a single girl who doesn't click," says Marquita, "may keep the rest of us working for two extra hours."

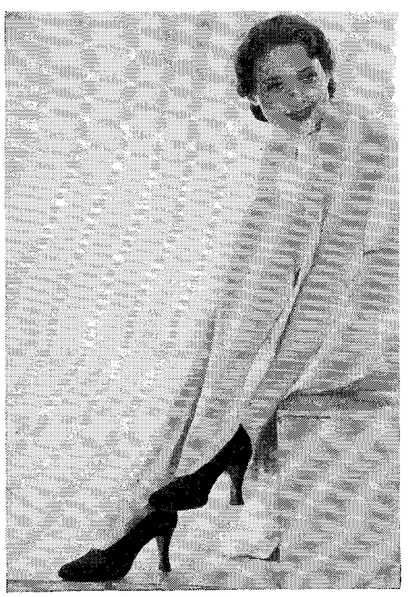
After show opening, days are free save for matinées and a weekly rehearsal. But time becomes more precious than ever. With money coming in, dancing-lessons and singing-lessons are the order of the day. There is so much to be done, and so few years left, that stage-door *Romeos* offer little temptation. Most theaters discourage that sort of thing, anyway, prohibiting phone calls, protecting stage entrances against loiterers.

Respectable to the nth degree, what little private lives chorines have usually is devoted to riding-lessons, swimming-lessons, or any sport which may be useful to them should they become movie stars. Living together in groups of two or three, they spend their time mending clothes, giving each other facials and scalp treatments, cooking meals (reciprocation is in order as jobs come and go; the one who is out of work is usually the cook and cleaner-upper).

Salaries—For salaries are low. Actors' Equity, theatrical union, demands that chorus-girls receive a weekly stipend of $30 on the stage in cities, $35 on the road. During rehearsals, half-pay is customary. In Hollywood, income is a little better at $60. But with appearance so important to a show-girl—"a good-looking exterior is half the battle in obtaining work," said one blue-eyed damsel—even the best salaries of $3,500 yearly don't go far. At least $1,000 a year is necessary for clothing. Yet 30 per cent. send some money home to their parents in Texas, Ohio and southern California—out where the tall chorine grows.

Keeping 30 per cent. of the chorus-girls eminently respectable are young husbands—not brokers, but newspaper men, advertising men, struggling young actors, doctors, lawyers—the average run of young men who need every aid in rounding out a family budget.

And in marriage, 20 per cent. of the chorus-girls are doomed to failure. Nor is this statement, made by a leading dance-director, based on the theory that a single girl can wine and dine with the right men to further her career. On the contrary, a



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comfortable home life gives a chorine a chance to relax from a "do-or-die" tension necessary for success. That, of course, is fatal.

Ethel Barrymore, however, has another story to tell concerning marriage for budding actresses. At a dinner given in New York recently, Miss Barrymore expressed the belief that a career for a woman was not incompatible with rearing a family.

"The career women of my family," she said, "have been having children for the last seven hundred years. I think every actor and actress should have a family and home, for only then can they know what life is all about."

Gene Snyder, twenty-nine-year-old Broadway dance-director and coach of New York's famous "Rockettes," advises strongly against marriage for chorines. Mr. Snyder admits that a fairly large number of Hollywood dancers have married and seem to get away with rearing families, but explains that jobs are more plentiful in Hollywood.

"A girl can seldom marry and continue to hold her place in a Broadway chorus," concludes Mr. Snyder. "The job is just too tough."

The 70 per cent. who remain unmarried go to the other extreme, according to Chester Hale, dance-director now engaged in staging the chorus for Shubert's new musical, "Frederika."

Chorus-girls are divided into three classes: (1) show-girls, who make up the background scenery; (2) dancers or "ponies"; (3) singers. And so much of their time is absorbed in improvement of talents to make the next step that "their very efforts act as a boomerang."

Inexperienced—Young, at the ages between eighteen and twenty-five, chorines are not wise in experience. Nor do they take the time that might be better used in looking over the field for the best opportunities. "Lack of necessary guidance has caused much talent to go unnoticed in the dizzy whirl of theatrics," Mr. Hale concludes, suggesting that an influential friend to manage a girl's business affairs and pull strings for her is practically a "must."

Last month, Fannie Brice, making up for her last New York performance in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1936," told the inside story of a self-made *Cinderella*. Regardless of the bustle and excitement going on about her, Miss Brice was extremely conscious of the fact that she had begun her career in the chorus of Hurtig and Seamon's Burlesque on 125th Street, New York.

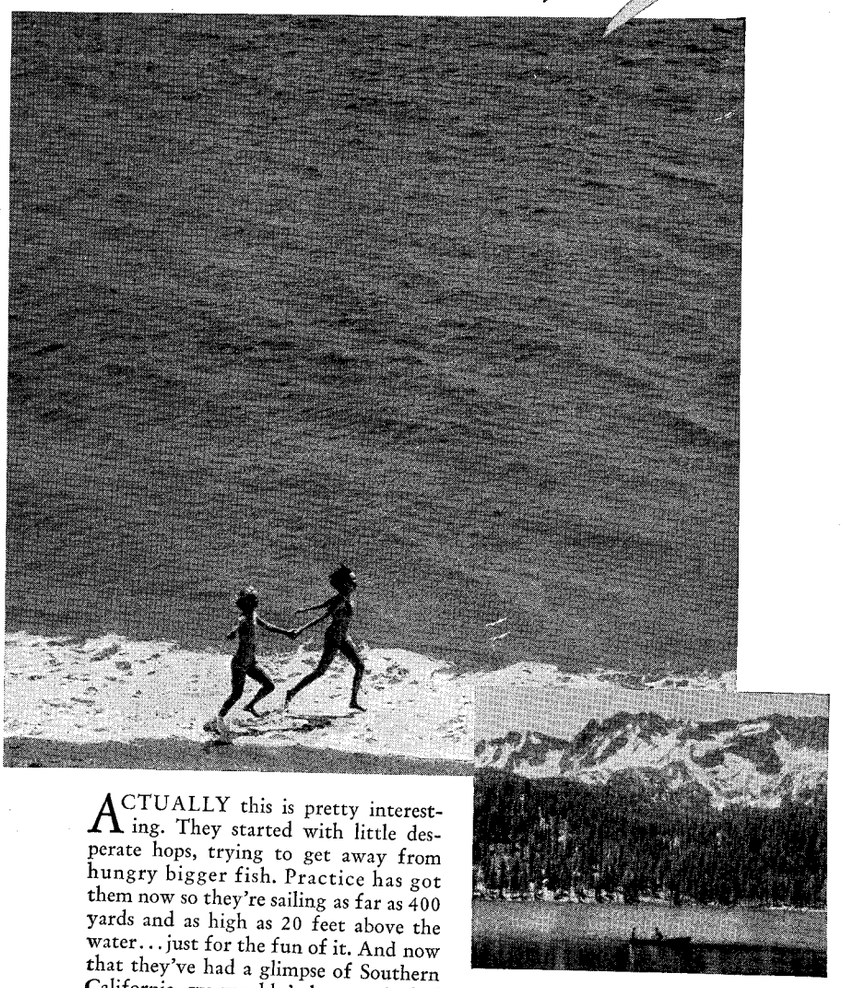
In her opinion, there is no such thing as "luck or breaks in the theater. If a chorus-girl wants to get some place, she's got to work plenty hard."

And the going is much harder to-day than it was when Fannie made her first appearance in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1910." To-day's chorines have to be expert dancers. But more than that, general intelligence is necessary. "I've seen people with 90 per cent. talent and 10 per cent. intelligence fail to reach first base," Miss Brice stated emphatically. "On the other hand, 10 per cent. talent and 90 per cent. intelligence often hits the top."

Hidden Talent—The famous *comédienne* puts no stock in the possibility of hidden talents in the "sticks." It is her staid belief that "if there's a genius in the mountains, he'll come down. If there's a genius in the valley, he'll come up."

In conclusion, Miss Brice has a bit of advice and a verdict to pass upon the

Why do our flying fish fly?



ACTUALLY this is pretty interesting. They started with little desperate hops, trying to get away from hungry bigger fish. Practice has got them now so they're sailing as far as 400 yards and as high as 20 feet above the water... just for the fun of it. And now that they've had a glimpse of Southern California, we wouldn't be surprised if they learn to flap their fins and get around like birds. Then think of all the things they'll see in a few hours' flight on a cool summer day:

White sails... blue channel... people laughing, splashing, sun-dozing on sandy beach and foaming surf . . . roadside stands with trays of multi-colored fresh fruits... mile on mile of orange groves, split by palm-fringed concrete ribbons; cities, playgrounds, race tracks, golf courses, fantastic movie lots... swift-rising slopes of pine-clad Sierras; summer snows on naked granite peaks; lakes, streams, fishermen; plodding pack trains and flying motor cars . . . strange forests of oil well derricks, airports, mighty battle fleet, south-sea pleasure islands...

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merits of drama- and dancing-schools. "They're all right as far as they go. In fact, the major difficulty lies with the individual. If the girl isn't big enough to maintain her own identity, she becomes the standardized product of mass production."

If a girl wants to complete a *Cinderella* story for herself, she might profit by studying the career of Lucille Le Seur, the girl on the end of the first row in a 1922 Detroit cabaret chorus.

Even at this point in her life, the present Joan Crawford had had her series of ups and downs. At sixteen, she had been on her own, picking up small jobs with road shows that rarely lasted more than a week or two. Twice she was forced to leave the theater temporarily and work in department stores. It was when she was twenty that she got her first break. After eight weeks in the third row of Ernie Young's cabaret group, she was promoted to the end of the front line—a coveted position.

Success—That night she danced with a zip she had never shown before. And J. J. Shubert, New York producer who had come to Detroit to try out his musical, "Innocent Eyes," saw her. Joan's excellent performance, the result of years of training, had the necessary effect on the visiting producer. And at 2 A. M. she left for New York with the company.

In New York the little dancer was assigned to the "ponies," the smallest girls in the line. Continued study in dancing and singing won her an after-theater engagement in Harry Richman's supper club. When "Innocent Eyes" folded, the Shuberts kept Joan for their next musical, "Passing Show."

In the meantime, Joan had cultivated a friend who was the friend of an associate producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When Harry Rapf, the associate producer, came to New York, Joan got a screen test and was soon on her way to Hollywood. It took her three and a half years more to become a star.

Industrious—'Way back in 1920, Miriam Hopkins was well started on her way with a chorus job in "The Music Box Review of 1920." An injured ankle put a definite stop to the dancing, but not to the career of determined young Miriam. Unable to dance, she heard of a new play that was soon going into rehearsal. Stealing a copy of the script, she studied the lead rôle thoroughly, went to the casting office next day and was assigned to play opposite a young man named Fredric March.

On such prodigious tasks are theatrical careers founded. And often enough, the corner-stone was a job in a chorus. Jessie Matthews, famous English dancer, began her sky-rocketing career in the chorus of London's "Music Box Revue." Virginia Bruce, Dorothy Jordan and Toby Wing are among the girls who started with nothing but a flair for hard work, using their heads and taking advantage of each opportunity.

But scheming young girls who have their eyes on overnight miracles are apt to meet the fate of seventeen-year-old Anne Staunton from Yonkers. Friends told Anne about all the glamourous marriages possible to girls who danced in New York's night-clubs. Miss Staunton lost no time in getting a job dancing in one.

The formula appeared to work. Shortly a handsome young gentleman began to pay her ardent attention. After four days of whirlwind courtship, Anne Staunton married Reggie Parr—only to discover that *Prince Charming* was an automobile salesman. Anne has just applied for an annulment—for which she will pay $250 from her own earnings. To cap the climax with irony, the groom's thoughtful employers voted him a raise in salary because of his added responsibilities as a married man.

There are only about one-third as many show-boys as girls, but they play an im-

Murray Korman

8 A. M.: Marquita Nicolai, "Red Hot and Blue" show-girl, rises to face a busy day

Murray Korman

9 A. M.: Off to the theater

Murray Korman

10 A. M.: Technical details are discussed

Maurice Seymour

Glamourous Marquita ready for the curtain

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portant part in modern theatrics. They act as a balance for the chorines.

Qualities necessary in a potential *Prince Charming* are very similar to those of *Cinderella*. Men must have carriage, poise, ability to sing and dance. Chances of a chorus-boy hitting the Broadway lights are slim. When a member of the chorus becomes outstanding, it is usually attributed to his voice and he is exploited for the richer field of radio.

Gossip concerning the dimpled characteristics of chorus-boys is not necessarily significant, according to Mrs. Dorothy Bryant, Executive Secretary of Chorus Equity. Mrs. Bryant says there are a larger number of effeminate men in show business than any other because the job demands they be neat, slender and graceful. Attention to clothes and general appearance are added essentials.

Hollywood's "tough guy," James Cagney, began his career in a male chorus and in the same way Jack Oakie and George Raft climbed the theatrical ladder.

Opportunities to break from the chorus are not frequent. When William Gaxton, principal in "White Horse Inn," fell ill, the director called Alfred Drake, chorus-boy in the same show, to double for the star. On fifteen minutes' notice, Drake did the part so well he received as many curtain-calls as Gaxton. Several companies want him when "White Horse Inn" folds.

Boys and girls working together in the same show sometimes marry, but as a general rule their relationship has been compared to that of "high school kids"—a lot of fun, but nothing serious. They all work hard to beat the one chance in a hundred.

FAMILY HITS: Arthur Kober Writes Successful "Having Wonderful Time," Wife Scores, Too

Broadway's lagging theater fizzed anew last week, began to take a new interest in the Lenten period. To it came "Having Wonderful Time," a humorous, gently compassionate *genre* play of doings in a summer camp for Jewish youth.

Behind it as producer stood Marc Connelly, author of the deathless "Green Pastures." He toiled for weeks, cast warily, rehearsed sagaciously, found his efforts crowned by merry critical notices.

Author Arthur Kober had written from experience. In his youth he attended such camps, later was a counselor at one. Still later, he became a press-agent for Broadway plays, and in time migrated to Hollywood where, for six years, he has been one of the front-rank scenarists.

A work-out for "Having Wonderful Time" was his series in the *New Yorker*, reporting family feuds and fancies in the Bronx, largest concentrated Jewish population in the five boroughs of New York. When the series was ended, the essays were made into a book, "Thunder Over the Bronx."

Success—Kober's play, an immediate success, answers a question Broadway has asked since his wife, Lillian Hellman, herself wrote a first play and saw it become a walloping hit: "The Children's Hour."

When they were together in New York, neither performed any stalwart literary work. Miss Hellman was a reader at the old publishing house of Horace Liveright, had accomplished some press-agent work. Kober had written a few fugitive pieces for the *New Yorker*.

When they went to Hollywood together, she read scenarios in one of the major film studios while he wrote for another studio.

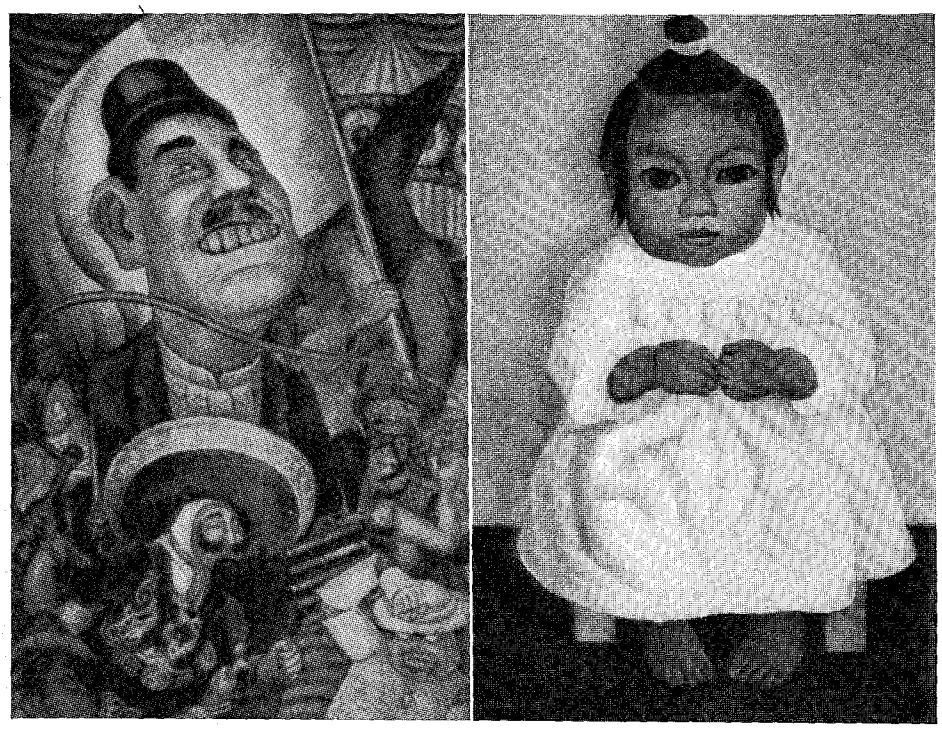
Together, neither made any distinctive accomplishment. Miss Hellman, weary of Hollywood and reading other writers' work, returned to New York, sat down and wrote "The Children's Hour." Her Hollywood value jumped from $35 a week as a reader to $1,500 as a star scenarist. Meanwhile, back in New York, her play was returning her upward of $1,000 a week in royalties.

Kober sat down and began his Bronx family articles, finally decided to make a play of them. His first produced play, he was fretful for it, hoped for success.

Broadway wondered which Kober would have the greater success, which would stumble.

"Having Wonderful Time" wise, tolerant, persuasive and filled with feeling, answered all questions last week. Each Kober had a hit.

No critic found any fault in the play, all vied to describe the charm of it. None failed to mention the rise of a new star, Miss Katherine Locke, in the leading rôle of a Bronx girl who goes to the camp to assuage the pangs of a riven romance.



Rivera's Pani composite: Roosevelt's smile, Hitler's mustache, Mussolini's chin, and El Copetón

Letters and Art

MEXICAN IMAGE: New Book Tells Republic's History, Displays Rivera's Controversial Art

Diego Rivera has been a publicity man's dream since his huge hulk shambled across Mexico's disheveled horizon nearly twenty years ago. He has done more, quite undeliberately, to put his homeland on the map, than any one since Pancho Villa.

Now that the new motor highway brings the land of the Aztecs as close as any one of the forty-eight States, the painter and his friend and collaborator, Bertram Wolfe, have compiled a provocative book, "Portrait of Mexico" (Covici-Friede, $4.75) that should do more to lure free-spending tourists across the border than a dozen Chambers of Commerce.

Wolfe, with the directness of a firecracker, has done an understanding word-portrait of a country that has known unceasing upheaval. He has played no favorites, spared no names. He says what he thinks of the late Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow.

Not too many pages further along, he drops politics to describe the customs and folk-lore of primitive sections that have never been marred by the turning of a wagon-wheel.

For an average newspaper reader, to whom the recent history of Mexico may seem a jumble of revolutions, Wolfe clarifies cause and effect, and records a moving history of a country still in its growing-pains.

Art—But his document is merely half the book.

The rest is splendid reproductions (249 in all) of Rivera's interpretation of his country. And tho the painter's medium is eloquent in its own right, one complements the other.

Rivera delivered his first punch to capital's midriff at the age of nine, and he has been hammering away ever since. His first joust grew out of a strike of miners who asked for better wages and improved working conditions in a gold-mine owned by Rivera's father.

The young painter rushed into the thick of things, made a soap-box speech championing the miners' rights and thus helped win the fight against his father.

The first mural he painted, back in 1920, on his return from Europe, vaulted him into print. For the Ministry of Education Building in Mexico City he painted a series of panels, one of which showed miners being searched as they emerged from the shaft. In the lower right-hand

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corner of the panel, Rivera inscribed an incendiary verse:

You do wrong to dig metal for money;
Make daggers of the metals
And then you will find
That all the wealth
Of the earth is for you.

Alternative—The Government screamed its objections and Rivera had the alternative of painting the verse out or having that panel destroyed. He reached for his paintbox.

His next battle also was fought on home ground. Some one sprayed a portion of another mural with acid, a destructive form of criticism that partly obliterated a panel. Then came the famous "Rockefeller war," when the mural he painted for Rockefeller Center in Manhattan featured too much of Russia's Lenin. It was destroyed. The following year found Detroit up in arms against Rivera. The automobile town frowned on the mural he had done for its Palace of Arts. But Edsel Ford, who commissioned and paid the artist, proved a stanch defender—the fresco remained unchanged.

Between many minor skirmishes mixing politics and paint, the stolid Mexican became embroiled last year in one of the largest projects he had undertaken since he started to paint murals. Albert Pani, a political force and owner of Mexico City's newest and most modern hotel, commissioned Rivera to do several panels for the dining-room. Pani hired him at bargain rates, and Rivera agreed solely because Pani had helped him financially years before.

One panel, called "Carnival," was as peppery a political satire as brush could concoct. Dominating the scene was a composite head—smile and teeth of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hitler's mustache, Mussolini's chin—that managed to look singularly like Pani. In his hand, the leering, whip-cracking dictator who set the tempo for the dance waves a composite flag, with parts of the colors of Germany, Italy, Japan and the United States.

When Pani saw what he had fallen heir to, he had his brother—the architect of the building and a painter as well—retouch all the faces in the Rivera panel.

Rivera popped with rage. "Rockefeller destroyed my work," he told Pani, "but you forged it."

He refused to let the retouched frescoes remain. They were replaced by enormous mirrors, which amused Rivera, "because they reflect precisely what I painted."

At forty-nine, Rivera is still as energetic and prolific as he was when young and his father had to build him a room, walled and ceilinged with black boards, so that he would have enough space to draw as constantly as he liked. He has painted miles of murals and some several thousand canvases and watercolors. He is undoubtedly the most prolific painter living, if not of all time.

Wolfe asserts he has "a mind like a monkey's tail: it's prehensile."

MODEL SECRETARY: New Formula for Office Girls Lists Get-Ahead Rules

How to Be a Successful Secretary. By Louise Hollister Scott. (New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.50.) 245 pages.

Rule No. 1 for becoming a successful secretary, apparently, is to look like Hollywood's idea of one. But for those thousands of girls who can not appear in the simple $200 frock of a Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss," the contents of "How to Be a Successful Secretary" will have to do.

Getting a job, of course, comes first. Good letters answering advertisements, the many eyes of friends, registration with employment agencies eventually will land a girl her initial interview. It is at this point, Miss Scott believes, that the average young hopeful falls down. Confronted with an opportunity to tell a prospective employer how good she is, she usually hedges. To the question, "Are your typing and shorthand in A-1 condition?" she replies, "I *think* they are." She should come back with a snappy: "Yes. My shorthand speed is 120 words a minute, and my typing sixty words a minute."

When a determined young lady goes through a series of applications and interviews, to find herself on a company payroll, she must not relax until that happy day when she marries the boss or one of the nicer young men in the office. She must first work hard and prove herself of value to the company.

In fact, Miss Scott advises that an impersonal attitude in office life is one of the distinguishing marks of a good secretary, and she goes thoroughly into the classifications "Your Chief," "Your Chief's Wife," "The Men With Whom You Work," "The Girls With Whom You Work" and "Chance Social Meetings."

Virtues Author Scott lists as important are tact, dependability, adaptability, personality, dress, initiative. On initiative stands opportunity for advancement.

Opportunity—A man to whom Miss Scott gives the name *Peterson* asked the head of his division if he might not be transferred to another department where there was opportunity for him to go further in the firm. "But," said the division head, "who would do your work?"

"My assistant," *Mr. Peterson* said. "Perhaps you don't know it, but I was away two weeks last month, and from the reports I heard when I returned, the office work was carried on with its usual efficiency."

Did the boss make the logical retort: "Then we may as well fire you and cut expenses"? Not according to Miss Scott, whose division head decided that a man who had so trained his assistant was ready for promotion to more responsible duties.

More practical is the advice to a secretary to get down to the office a few minutes early, get the mail sorted and the schedule of work laid out. The girl who gets ahead is the one who answers all the day's mail before she leaves at night, checks articles in trade magazines which interest her employer and does that little extra something like ordering the right theater tickets when the boss likes the third row on the aisle—perhaps including a review of the play for good measure.

If a girl could master all the details of this book, she would be bound to become a successful secretary. The same amount of energy and intelligence, however, might as easily make her President of the General Motors Corporation.

Kanakas rub noses till hypnotized in "The Land That Time Forgot"

GUINEA GOLD: Michael Leahy Tells of Jungle Prospecting in "The Land That Time Forgot"

The Land That Time Forgot. By Michael Leahy and Maurice Crain. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; $3.) 274 pages.

They've found gold!

So the word ran through placid Australia in August, 1926. Immediately, excited men set sail for New Guinea. Most of them were equipped with a bottle of quinine and elaborate pipe-dreams. On one such boat a group of hopefuls gathered on the deck to talk. One of their number was twenty-four-year-old Michael Leahy, shrewd-headed rover. "It's richer than the Klondike!" they told him. "A man with a good box can take out more than a hundred ounces a day."

"Say—how do you build a mining box, anyway?"

Nobody knew and nobody worried. They'd learn that when they got there.

But one prospector, more level-headed

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than the rest, had equipped himself with mules. He went about the boat selecting members for his party, chose young Michael Leahy and six others. They talked excitedly until they landed on the fabulous shores of New Guinea. The settlement proved no more than a cluster of malaria-ridden huts.

Discovery—Helpless without natives for pack-boys, they sat waiting until the simple-minded blacks came trooping in for jobs. As they waited, a miner staggered into their camp, swaying from side to side with a bulging belt strapped about his midriff.

What was the matter with him? inquired the embryo prospectors. They clustered around while he unpacked the weighty belt and showed them gold—flecks that ranged from snowflakes to rough bits the size of a match-head.

"That's about what I get in one pan on my claim," boasted the miner. "My partner and I are taking out around 150 ounces a day."

The next morning the tenderfeet hit the trail—without the boys, but with six mules and one woman, wife of the expedition's leader. In short order, the woman and the mules wore themselves out. But they plodded on. After four days of plowing through the forest, headed for Edie Creek, they sighted a white man and a string of natives approaching.

Late—The stranger looked them over and, with pity in his voice, said:

"You've done pretty well to get this far without a line of boys. It's too bad you're going to be a little late."

The party was dumfounded. Finally Leader Mellor found his voice: "Nothing left at all?" he quavered.

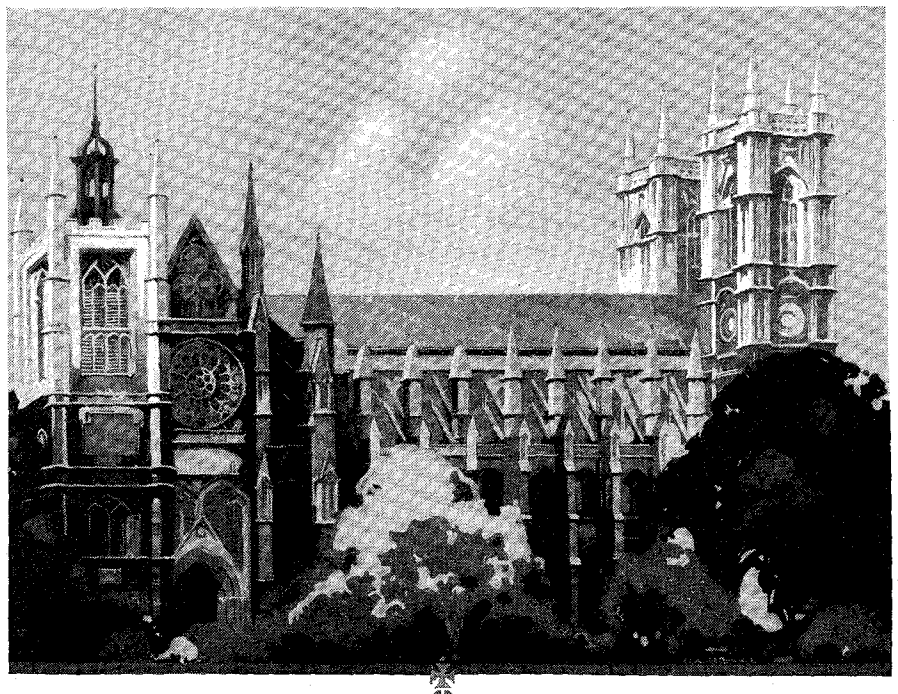
"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," said the miner. "You'll probably get onto something worth working. But, you see, there's going to be a ballot at 9 o'clock Sunday morning. All the best ground will be distributed before you get there."

It was Friday, and five days of impassable jungle separated them from Edie Creek. There was only one thing left for the disappointed party to do. They chose two of their hardiest members—Leahy and Logan—to push ahead, try to get under the dead-line.

The dash for gold dust plunged Leahy and Logan into ice-cold streams. They scrambled and slid over mountains. On and on. As 4 o'clock Sunday morning came, they rose for the final dash—over a mile-high mountain. Up and up they ran, till they reached the top. By then it was a quarter to 8. Somewhere on that mountain, broad and flat, was Edie Creek, and a handful of miners preparing to divvy up rich gold-claims. Leahy and Logan didn't know where Edie Creek was. Wildly they ran about—weak from fever. Then, as they waded up a stream, they saw in the distance a white splash that meant a miner's tent. Leahy ran until he was within hailing distance. "Is—this—Edie—Creek? What—t-i-m-e—is it?"

Toll—"Ten—minutes—to—nine!"

That was just the beginning of Leahy's gold-hunting adventures. Savages and jungle took their toll. Friend after friend Leahy saw killed; faced death himself. He met strange folk, among them Kanakas who rubbed noses until they hypnotized each other; staked gold-claims galore—and finally decided there wasn't enough yellow metal in New Guinea to make it worth his while to stay there longer.



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EXCLUSIVE SET GATHERS CAPITAL NEWS

Washington Columnists Vary in Style, Tact, News Sources

President Roosevelt and Washington news correspondents are forever outguessing, outfoxing each other. Fact is, the Chief Executive, after a mild peeve at scribblers for letting several political alley cats out of his carefully guarded bag, is one up.

Reason: The Supreme Court message took them as much by surprize as it did their readers.

Nevertheless, Franklin Roosevelt, according to the oldest correspondent, is the most amiable Oval Room leader within memory. And Washington has never treated the press better, even if there are 650 newspaper men, 200 correspondents running loose throughout the city.

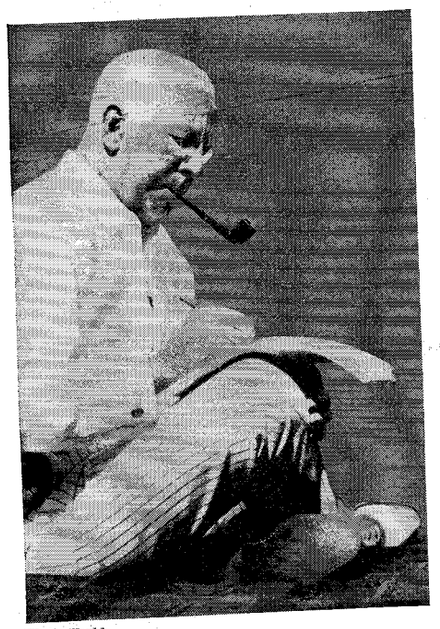
There are 333 members of the White House Correspondents Association eligible to attend the biweekly press conferences. Whereas some of the more important writers seldom attend, Henry M. Hude of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* makes it a life issue to be the first arrival.

Another who sidles to the head of the queue is Frederick A. Storm of United Press. Being six foot, three inches tall, Storm's presence embarrassed smaller men in the rear. So the President allows the giant to sit at his side, giving unrestricted view to all.

Eligibles—The Standing Committee of Correspondents passes upon which 500 writers shall have their names stamped in black upon the carmine cover of the engraved 1937 admission card to House and Senate Press Galleries. Official criterion of actual newspaper status, this admission requires one to make his principal livelihood by writing, supply daily wire coverage to newspaper or periodical.

Exception was Archbishop Fumonsoni-Biondi, former Papal Legate to Washington, who got proper press credentials.

Two dozen foreign journalists are admitted, also thirty-one women.



Wide World

Mark Sullivan . . . lion of the old school

The publication of the name and address of a correspondent in the official roster of "The Congressional Directory" automatically places him on the mailing-list of the Government Departments and Bureaus and innumerable private and quasi-public organizations maintaining publicity services in the Capital.

The correspondents send out about 120,000 words daily over Western Union, 32,000 over Postal Telegraph, 2,500 over RCA; twice as much, as a minimum, by mail.

From the Washington Bureaus of the United Press and Associated Press, 30,000 words go out daily. International News and Universal Service account for another 15,000 apiece. Central News and the *Wall Street Journal* send about 10,000 over their teletypes while the New York *Times* sends 25,000 over its own wire.

Stars—Stars of the Capital's writing fraternity are the Washington columnists, followed by leading reporters and commentators whose by-lines carry weight in some spheres.

Commanding highest salaries, greatest prestige and widest circulation, these columnists are as temperamental as *prima donnas*. Having little to do with each other, some don't even nod while passing in the street. Knowing they are read for "inside" tips, they demand top rank and privilege, like to be quoted.

Mark Sullivan, white-haired, *pince-nezed*, quiet and aloof, upholds the old school of conservatism in both work and social life. More than seventy newspapers use his comment, paid him $23,527 in 1935. Seldom seen in journalistic circles, he is quiet, retiring—the scholar type.

Far in the rear, he is seen at the President's press conferences. Sometimes smiling, he never takes notes, never questions. Often he writes out his column in longhand; yet the President is one of his most avid readers.

Intimate — Sixty-three years old, Sullivan is perhaps the last man in Washington to wear the old-style stiff, upright, detachable starched collar on striped shirts. Often he dons striped morning trousers and high-top shoes.

Sullivan attained a semiofficial position during the Hoover régime when, as an intimate of the President, he was a member of the famous "Medicine Ball Cabinet," which included Justice Harlan Fiske Stone. The "boys" all frisked through morning exercises, heaving a huge medicine ball. Sullivan's column was closely watched in those days for an intimation of official opinion, and often his predictions scooped other newspapers.

Portly and dignified, he is a lion with the older social dowagers, a hero with the Chamber of Commerce, an odd figure among the up-and-rising gossip writers of the tradition-shattering school.

Quite in contrast is Robert Sharon Allen, thirty-six-year-old Washington balloon buster, who tells government officials in choice, exact language what he thinks.

Allen earns more than $40,000 yearly for telling the rest of the nation the low-down on the Capital, collaborating with Drew Pearson on the column "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and saucy books.

Editor of a newspaper while still in grade school, Allen slithered through the University of Wisconsin working on a paper. As a free-lance for the *Christian Science Monitor* he roamed Europe, covered the abortive Hitler *putsch* in Munich. Returning to America for the same organization, he was subsequently fired for co-authoring the initial volume of "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

To use his own words, he is always preparing to "cut somebody's heart out." He shouts, roars, blusters at government officials, is profane and disrespectful until some one lets out something exclusive.

Generous—Allen reads books on military tactics, never novels. Beginning to take on weight, he still resembles a football

Acme

Robert Allen . . . Washington's balloon buster

player. Only physical activity is gardening, occasional horseback rides. He raises dahlias, wakes up early on summer mornings to scrub the stalks with soap and water.

He was dismissed from the Gridiron Club for berating it as a refuge of stuffed shirts. Allen's generosity is a byword; now he is making so much money he doesn't know what to do with it all. For Christmas, he gave his red-haired wife, Ruth Finney, a new LaSalle car.

Miss Finney is an ace Scripps-Howard writer. Thirty-eight years old, she covered major assignments in California, got first beat on the Argonaut mine disaster. For a time she was City Editor of the Sacramento *Star*, directing a staff of men reporters. She covered State politics, soon was switched to the national scene.

To-day, Miss Finney is a recognized authority on Federal power projects, was largely instrumental in the launching of an important power program. She has a general assignment from the Scripps-Howard newspapers, is free to cover all big stories.

Former constituent of Sen. Hiram Johnson, she is on excellent terms with the fiery Californian. Often she supplies a good portion of the factual background for his speeches in the Senate.

Trim dresser in tailored clothes, Miss Finney is domestic when not earning her

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$12,000 or more annually. With her husband she lives in a red brick Georgetown house of ten rooms, shares his love of gardening.

Pearson—Allen's collaborator, Drew Pearson, is a tall, lithe, dashing person who pounds away on a fifteen-year-old portable, bought when he thought he ought to be a diplomat.

He's the team's knowing eye on foreign affairs, covers all subjects of Latin-American interest for the Latin-American clients of Havas

Pearson is an inveterate world traveler, but as he earns around $35,000 a year now, he is never as broke as in the old days. He has interviewed Mussolini, Hitler, Herriot, many others. A secret admiration for *Il Duce* often earns him the taunt "Fascist!"

Early in life, he went to Europe to learn about diplomacy. He wound up as a director of post-War British Red Cross relief work in the Balkans, where a town, Pearsonavatz, is named in his honor. Coming to Washington for the Baltimore *Sun*, he, too, was discharged in the fall of '32 for his part in writing "Washington Merry-Go-Round." Now he and Allen are in the national eye prominently because of their book "The Nine Old Men."

Boasting the finest garden in Washington, Pearson lives in a yellow and Prussian-blue house. Wearing a pair of pajamas, held by an Albanian sash, he writes mostly about State Department stuff. His house is overrun with pets, several dogs, and a pond full of fish which have such names as Harry Hopkins, Harold Ickes, Henry Morgenthau.

Never wearing a hat, Pearson is losing his brown sandy hair. But this has proved valuable, for at a scalp specialist's he has been able to pick up many interesting stories from other hair-losing citizens of the city.

Pearson's first wife was Felicia Gizycka, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, Washington newspaper publisher. His best friend is his former mother-in-law, who uses the liberal "Merry-Go-Round" column on the editorial page of her Hearst-owned Washington *Herald*.

Odd Request—David Lawrence, quick analyst of national questions, has gone a long way from the Princeton student who took an odd request to the college President, Woodrow Wilson. Working for the Associated Press as the campus correspondent, Lawrence wanted a phone in his room to check news sources, assignments.

Such a thing was unheard of. To this day, they maintain he is the only Princeton student ever to have had a private phone in his room.

Lawrence watched Grover Cleveland, then a Princeton faculty member, like a hawk. His patience was rewarded when the former President died; Lawrence succeeded in flashing the news a full half-hour ahead of all competitors.

Entering the newspaper field as a photographer during high-school days in Buffalo, New York, Lawrence later went to Washington for the Associated Press. He distinguished himself by early beats on Bryan's resignation and the protest against British interference with American shipping. Then he got a gold watch for meritorious service in two Mexican revolutions—principally for disobeying orders on how to telegraph stories.

Working more than ten hours a day, he figures himself as a "conservative-liberal" for which 170 newspapers (and other sources) pay him more than $80,000 annually.

Woodrow Wilson is Lawrence's political ideal. He is positive the War-time President will constantly grow in historical stature.

In line with this philosophy, he has consistently advocated breaking down of international barriers of all sorts., holding that only by getting together amicably can nations devise a workable program.

Lawrence is sociable, likes motor-boating. He thinks the word "columnist" should be avoided whenever possible. He says, for instance, that he and Mark Sullivan are really "political commentators." His interpretation of news is his own, taken from no other source.

Helps Senator—Leading one-paper Washington columnist is Paul Y. Anderson, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

His most celebrated feat was in the Teapot Dome scandal, when he wrote out for Senator Walsh, the questions with which that investigator was enabled to ferret out the story of the little black hat. That led Anderson to the Pulitzer Prize for journalism.

Once, for about three years, he wrote a piece weekly for *The Nation*. In 1935, at the request of his newspaper, he discontinued this, altho the weekly stint was widely read.

There is a story going the rounds that Anderson was receiving $20 from *The Nation*. So he told his bosses he couldn't afford to discontinue it. They are said to have raised his $18,000 annual salary by that weekly amount, thinking it a good joke. Anderson denies the story.

Paul Mallon, senior news columnist of Washington, digs up "inside news" for 300-odd clients, putting him up with the leaders for mass circulation.

During his ten years as head of the United Press Senate Bureau, he made his famous roll-call revelations of the Senate vote in confirmation of Supreme Court Justices. The Senate at the time was on the point of citing him for contempt. Like many other Washington writers, Mallon finally decided he had too much inside information that he had to keep to himself. So he started a column with fifty-seven clients.

Now syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance, his column brings him almost $35,000 annually.

Kansan—In the last Presidential campaign, Raymond Clapper, Kansan, friend of Alfred M. Landon, almost lost his standing as the Administration's best friend. Widely read in twenty-three Scripps-Howard newspapers and other periodicals, earning a handsome $18,000 every twelve months, he works in vest and horn-rimmed glasses.

Clapper broke the famous story of the "smoke-filled room" when Harding was nominated.

That story he got by walking home with the late Charles Curtis. Quietly, he listened while his companion told him all. So he rushed back to the office, worked till dawn.

In the spring of 1932, Clapper broke the nepotism story which opened salary lists to the press. Before that, they had been closed. It was just about the time that the Hoover Administration was bragging of a cut in expenses. Under the title "Racketeering in Washington," he showed how relatives were cashing in on Federal pay-rolls.

Jay Franklin (born John Franklin Carter) once won 100,000 francs at Monte

BETTY SURE IS RIGHT! ...THE BLADE THAT MATCHES MY RAZOR DOES GIVE QUICKER, SMOOTHER SHAVES!
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Carlo by a roulette system which cost him 150,000 francs.

To-day, he earns about $15,000 yearly through his column, syndicated by the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* in fifty-seven newspapers. Franklin started out as a career diplomat, also helped plan the magazine *Time* with classmates Henry Luce and Bret Haddon.

Failing as a lecture-baiter for European celebrities, he went to work for the London *Daily Chronicle.* Returning to the U. S., he joined the New York *Times,* later went to the State Department in the post of economic adviser in the Western European Division. As a friend of Rexford Tugwell, he went far in Washington. In addition, he wrote for *Life, Liberty* and *Vanity Fair.*

Experiment—When the Cowles brothers in Iowa found Heywood Broun too expensive as a columnist, they took Jay Franklin for an experiment. Starting with seven papers a year ago, he has proved a profitable investment.

Frank Kent once did Washington correspondence for Oswald Garrison Villard's *Nation.*

At that time he was ranked as a liberal. To-day, he is an outstanding conservative of the new school.

Syndicated in 135 newspapers other than the Baltimore *Sun,* Kent really started as a national columnist only two years ago.

He now has a $40,000 annual income; also a suit for libel instituted by Robert H. Lucas, one-time Republican Party official.

Sixty years of age, short, smooth-shaven with close-cut gray hair, Kent is one of the immaculate dressers of the press gentry, lives in Baltimore. His son is City Editor of the Baltimore *Evening Sun.*

Kent Senior is an intimate friend of Bernard Baruch, with whom he often travels abroad. At one time he was associated, vaguely, with Franklin D. Roosevelt in business.

(Roosevelt was a director of the Fidelity Insurance Company, which owned a considerable portion of Baltimore *Sun* stock. Kent has been with that paper since 1898, is Vice-President of the publishing company, owns 1 per cent. of the stock.)

Columnists squirm when Willard M. Kiplinger is considered one of them. However, it was Kiplinger who evolved the idea of the "news behind the news" column. He has made a great success, financially speaking, of his confidential weekly letter costing $18 a year to business men. More than 25,000 executives read his four mimeographed pages, 1,800 words in all. He has an income of about $15,000.

His suite of offices in the National Press Building is the largest occupied by any news bureau. He employs a reportorial staff of ten, mechanical staff of twenty-one.

No Status—Working twelve hours, six days a week, Kiplinger smiles when he remembers he wanted to be a poet and short story writer out in Ohio.

Now forty-six years of age, he condenses 20,000 words into the 1,800-word weekly letter. He has no press gallery status, nor is he admitted to press conferences. But he has a number of confidential pipe-lines.

Kiplinger receives a constant stream of business visitors from all over the country who want information, give any they have obtained from government officials.

Scholarly Arthur Krock, about fifty, skirts the border between columnists and "straight" correspondents. He writes what he pleases, for the New York *Times,* makes close to $18,000 a year. Moving in swanky social circles, he has nevertheless completely changed the character of the Washington Bureau of the New York *Times.*

Operating McClure's "Washington Whirligig" since 1935, Ray Tucker appears in almost 250 of the smaller dailies. Making more than a thousand dollars a month, he is of the wild and woolly school, thundering and exciting with purple passages and dramatic sequences.

Yale graduate, he worked on a number of New England papers, was the first to report the agreement ending the anthracite strike of 1926.

Tucker got the first newspaper interview ever given by J. P. Morgan. For an hour the two talked.

"The greatest interview of the age," Tucker told Morgan.

"But this is not for publication," said the financier.

Tucker says he will save the yarn until Morgan is dead.

Lesser—Of the lesser columnists, Charlie Stewart, seventy-three, of the Central Press, is an outstanding Washington character.

He writes a daily column, Hearst syndicate, for weeklies and small dailies. He earns upward of $5,000 a year by having his "Washington at a Glance" appear in more than 900 newspapers.

As the NEA correspondent, Rodney Dutcher appears in 750 newspapers. He is the most liberal of the minor columnists. His most exciting story was the evacuation of the bonus army when he was heavily gassed by attacking Federal troops.

He specializes in labor stories and in covering the White House.

"Washington Digest," under the by-line of William Bruckhart, appears in 3,100 papers weekly. Each buys the column separately from WNU for 75 cents a week in plate form, 40 cents a week in mat form. Congressmen and government officials follow his column carefully. It is estimated he has more than 5,000,000 weekly readers.

Mississippian Turner Catledge, in his middle thirties, is chief news correspondent of the New York *Times,* but his chief asset is his wealth of anecdotes about Washington personages. His fame as a story-teller traveled so far that the *Saturday Evening Post* hired him to do pieces on Washington figures and political personages.

An avowed member of the Socialist Party, Paul Ward, thirty-two, covers Washington for the archly conservative Baltimore *Sun.* He is looked upon as one of the ablest of the younger writers, ranked among the future molders of public opinion. He writes a weekly impression for *The Nation.*

Ernest K. Lindley, friend and biographer of the President, writes for the New York *Herald Tribune.* Often sharply critical, this thirty-seven-year-old Indiana man is *persona grata* at the White House.

Handsomest of the Washington correspondents is Kent Crawford, chief correspondent of the New York *Post.* Protégé of Robert S. Allen, he is a Midwesterner, as are many of the leading newsmen in the Capital.

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Housing

HOW TO BUILD: Construction Rules Listed in "Without Benefit of Architect"

If you are married "without benefit of architect," you may still want to build, or buy or remodel your own house. Frazier Forman Peters, in a new "how-to-do-it" book, tells you how—simple rules, interspersed with observations on his own bathroom-splashing children, his dislike of painters, and the heated history of the great Heating Plant War.*

Pitfalls to avoid, construction specifications to insist on, ways of financing are here made good curl-up-by-the-fire reading for those 98 per cent. of the people who hire a contractor but no architect. And there's plenty of interest for the 2 per cent. who get the drawing-board and T-square help of an experienced designer.

Condensed here are pertinent ideas the reader can string together to weave many a winter-evening dream.

Rules—(1) Be sure the "spirit" of the house is right.

(2) Do not put a home on land costing more or less than one-quarter of the cost of the house.

(3) Do not spend more than two and one-half times your earned income for a house.

(4) Get a "pay-as-you-go" mortgage over a long period—not a mortgage that comes due in a lump amount.

(5) Some people find it hard to pass up an old farmhouse dying on its feet. Remodeling is never profitable.

Prefabricated Houses—Mr. Peters doesn't like mass-production, "modern" houses. Built of expensive materials, they're small, altho convenient.

When buying land, avoid 70-by-100-foot plots, he says. Buy acreage—five, ten, or even twenty acres—and you will be safe.

The purchase contract should be looked over by a lawyer, but you should have a check-list including: Price, terms of payment, bounds of tract, survey, restrictions, water rights, rights of way for roads and public utilities, alterations and additions, title guaranty and date of delivery.

You also must have a water-supply. If it's a well, three to five gallons an hour is enough for a family of five. Don't be fooled by "surface wells." Don't have your water-tank larger than one-half the pump's hourly capacity; you save money and get cooler, fresher water.

Figuring a septic tank, allow a volume equal to one day's average consumption of water—250 to 500 gallons. It should be precast concrete.

Architect—Your plans probably will have to be signed by a registered local architect. Have your builder get the certificate.

Then you may have a general contractor or ten or fifteen separate subcontractors, or a supervising architect.

Your building-contract should follow the standard form of the American Institute of Architects.

Never pay any builder without proof that his labor and material bills are paid—you may find yourself with a lien against your house.

Try to get some free advice and free supervision by conferring with the Building Inspector.

Don't overbuild your cellar; a heated air-chamber under the house is just as good and a lot cheaper.

But make sure your foundations aren't going to buckle. Poured concrete as a rule is better than cement blocks, the author feels.

For your outside frame, you can use wood, if you're not afraid of termites, rot or fire.

You can use hand-laid brick, stone and concrete block, fire-proof if you substitute steel for wooden joists and sash. The modern masonry house is of concrete, perhaps faced with stone.

If you build of masonry and continue inside with steel joists and masonry partitions, your home will be

* "Without Benefit of Architect," by Frazier Forman Peters. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

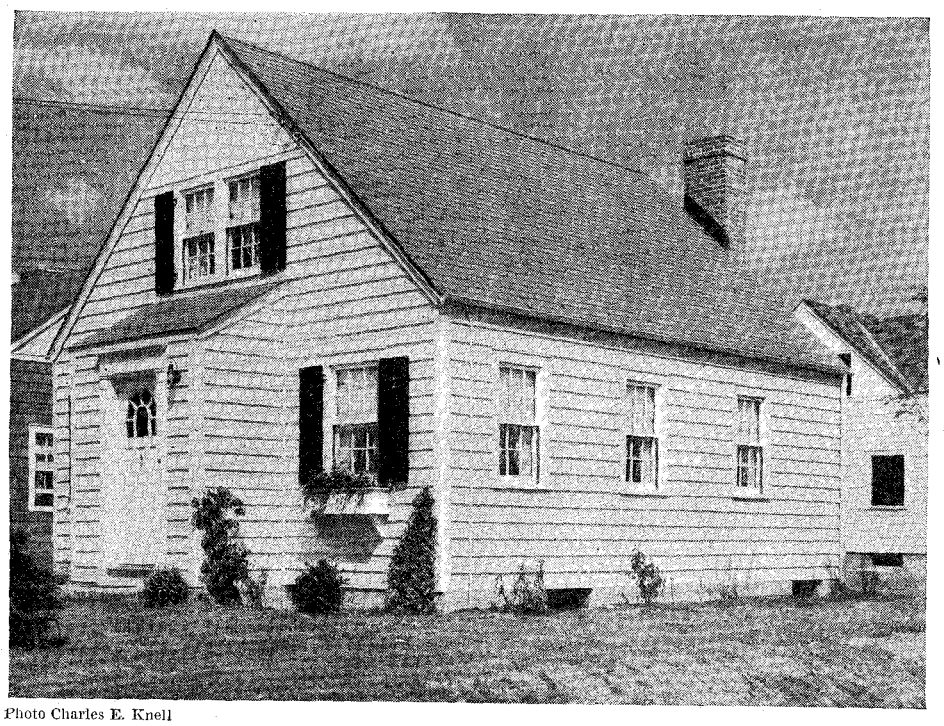

Photo Charles E. Knell

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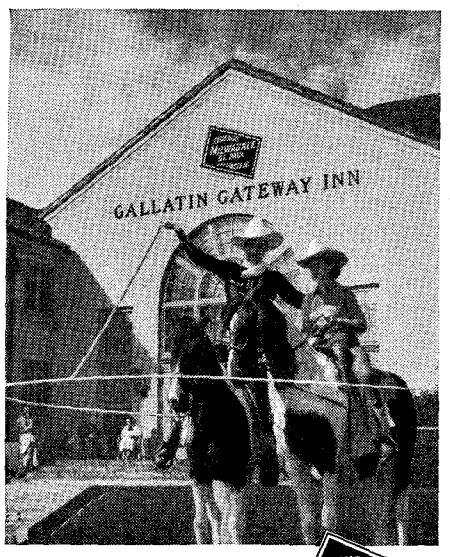

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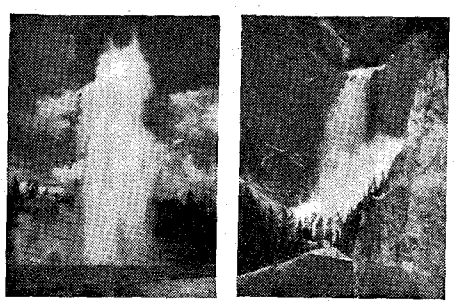

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termite-proof, crack-proof, fire-resistant and everlasting. And masonry, altho twice as expensive as wood, should not increase the total cost more than 10 per cent.

Insist on ready-mixed concrete; don't let your mason skimp.

Most people want fireplaces. If you don't want a smoky one, beware of back draft from trees, hills and other houses, inadequate flues and faulty construction of the throat above the damper.

For outside masonry floor coverings, use cement or blue-stone. You can save inside by laying cement and later covering it with tile, slate or bricks.

You can have a good wood frame for little more than a cheap one. Guard against: (1) too sparing use of nails; (2) the use of undersized joists, rafters and headers, and (3) improper bracing of side walls and floor joists. Insist that all corners be braced and that outside sheathing be applied diagonally. For floor timbers, try to get steel girders supported by steel channels, or lally columns. Be sure that the heads of all windows are flashed with copper.

Avoid ornate exterior trim; it rots, goes out of style and costs money.

Only Idaho white pine, cedar and cypress (perhaps chestnut or cedar) should be used for outside trim. Avoid oak and Ponderosa pine.

Roof—A simple black slate roof will cost a little more than wood, but less than gaudy roofs of composition, tile, variegated slate or metal.

Wood will last fifteen years, tho, and can be slated later.

If you are pestered by insulating-material salesmen, here are the chief ways of insulating:

By "mirrors" (metal-foil backed papers), by mineral-wool or wood-fiber bats, by quilting of seaweed, mineral wool, or wood-fiber between sheets of paper, by wood-fiber boards. Think of fire-proofing, air circulation inside your walls (necessary to avoid sweating), and proper "tucking in" at joints—eaves, corners, sill and windows.

Guillotine-type windows that slide up and down are the tightest and warmest (and cheapest); steel casements are next; wood casements most expensive, least desirable.

On interior trim, you can save enough to make up for some other point of built-in quality by using stain instead of paint, simple trim, knotty No. 2 white pine for paneling, and by waiting until later for fanciness.

Standard oak flooring is very little more expensive than less durable fir and pine. Avoid wide, pegged boards; they swell, shrink, warp, buckle and go "bang!"

"Standard" grade linoleum is too cheap. Use medium or heavy. Asphalt tile is cheaper, clay tile over cement is "soul-satisfying."

Hardware—For interior door hardware, avoid cheap spun brass, get still less expensive plain iron thumb latches.

Plaster is still the best and cheapest wall covering. Use insulating wall-board for lathing, or metal laths for fire-proofing.

You can have the second or "browning" coat of plaster worked to a sand finish, and save on the white coat.

Linoleum makes a good, water-proof covering for kitchen and bathroom and is more plastic than tile.

Painted, compressed wood-fiber board also is good material.

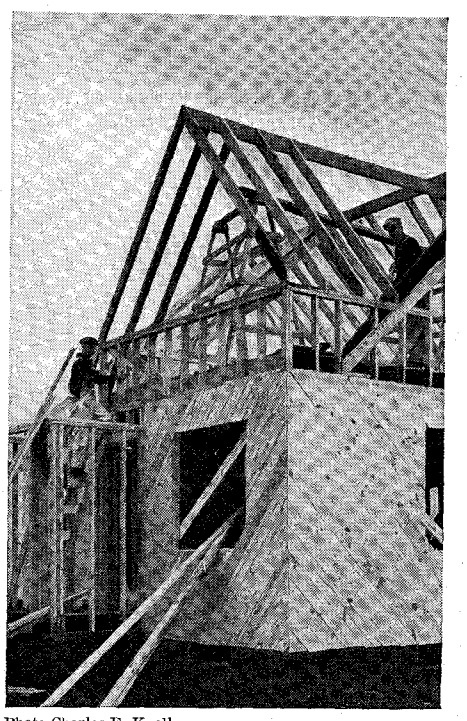

Photo Charles E. Knell

A wooden frame for your house . . . "if you're not afraid of termites, rot or fire"

An electrician's greatest expense is material, not labor. Don't skimp on the service connection. Have five outlets to a room, use simple fixtures, get an underwriter's certificate.

Your painter knows how to paint, but you should choose the paint, insist upon sandpapering and cleaning, that the tops of sash and doors be painted, and that the proper number of coats be applied.

Brass or copper plumbing is best. Make sure your sewer-pipe is not "standard" (light grade), but "extra heavy."

Heat—You can't get summer air-conditioning yet . . . it's too expensive. But you can get a good heating system and a humidifier.

Which one? Go to a good radiator company and let their engineers decide on steam, hot water, or warm air.

In your oil-burner, if you choose that type, look to the dealer; his service is the main thing.

The author ought to know what to tell newlyweds or experienced home-owners. He's a Connecticut architect, who started out as a chemical engineer and wound up on a farm where he had to build a chicken-coop.

A previous book, "Houses of Stone," shows some of the houses he has built and explains his great love for masonry construction (the chicken-coop turned out to be stone because the first wooden one was destroyed by fire).

Mr. Peters doesn't say architects shouldn't be consulted; far from it. He just points out ideas for people who want to get along without one, and even suggests that an architect or an experienced builder can save money.

When you have gone out and built your house, you may need advice on smoothing little rough spots. Mr. Peters gives it. He also adds ideas on fuel, termite-proofing, kitchen cabinets, lawn grading, budgeting, the "dark horses of the future—steel and concrete," and children who roller-skate indoors.

For them, either a spanking or baked-tile floors that can be mopped clean in a jiffy.

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Religion

ATLANTIC ALTAR: Brittany Priest Sails Yearly with Fishing Fleet for Long Ocean Sojourn

A bewhiskered Capuchin priest shouldered his way among the wind-browned fisher-folk who this week crowded the long quays of St. Malo in Brittany each time a boat of the codfishing fleet sailed for the annual eight-month sojourn on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland and Greenland.

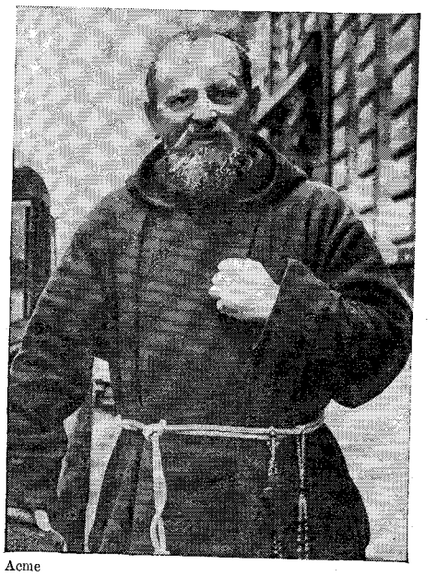
To a gnarled old mother, he whispered assurance that her son, off on his first voyage with the *Terre-Neuvas*, would not be allowed to slip into the popular habit of taking a holiday from religion while at sea. To a sabot-shod young wife he gave encouragement that her *Jacques* would return safe and sound. With a pair of pantalooned children, he wagered that their *pépé* would surely bring back to them the finest fish on the Grand Banks.

Thus Père Yvon, forty-five and himself a Breton, spent the last days of preparation for his annual ministry in the farthest parts of his parish, the largest in the world. With the last boats, he, too, would make the four-week Atlantic crossing in his trim ketch, *St. Yves*—combined hospital, post-office, sanctuary and recreation center for the exiled Bretons.

Hero—Hailed throughout Brittany for his World War as well as transatlantic heroism, Father Yvon had only the week before received official recognition from the President of the Republic at a *soirée* and ball in a Nice hotel. From four months of lecturing in Paris to raise money for his costly work, the brown-robed missionary had returned gladly to the frugal life among the *Terre-Neuvas* whose spiritual, moral and physical guardian he has become.

In the Great Basin of St. Malo, his *St. Yves* (named for Catholicism's only lawyer-saint) lay anchored this week among the twenty-nine sailing vessels and eight *chalutiers* (steam-trawlers) awaiting sailing orders.

The flag-bedecked ships, the whole populace, in colorful holiday garb, and hundreds of tourists—20,000 in all—had gathered there on St. Valentine's day for the *Pardon* (religious and secular feast-day) *des Terre-Neuvas*, world's largest and most impressive boat-blessing ceremony.



Acme

Père Yvon: blessings on seafaring Bretons

The gold-robed Archbishop of Rennes, with clergy and officialdom, had chugged around the Basin in a panoplied motor-launch, sprinkling holy water on the bow of each craft. The sailors believe it's bad luck to put to sea in an unblessed ship.

A long procession around St. Malo's ancient ramparts had brought the dignitaries from high mass at the Cathedral to the harbor. One stop was made—at the statue of a famous Breton, Jacques Cartier, discoverer of Canada—to beg the ocean not to be too violent with the mariners whose home it is to be for two-thirds of a year. Hours of merrymaking followed.

Sea Home—The first *chalutier, Le Hardi,* steamed away the next day. By next week, probably, most of the fleet will be at sea. Once anchored along the cold and misty fishing-banks, the *Terre-Neuvas* will stay there from April to September, linked with land only by wireless and the periodic trips of Father Yvon to Saint-Pierre-Miquelon.

From the priest, the blue-jean-and-jersey-clad men can sometimes buy extra tobacco for the short, black clay pipes they carry interminably between their teeth. Coming up alongside the ships in his small *dori* like those in which the fishermen row each morning and evening to haul in their struggling catch, the Capuchin looks like any other *Terre-Neuva*—oilskins, high boots, sou'wester and all.

Sometimes he takes movies of the men at work for exhibit in Paris lecture-halls.

He climbs aboard to hear confession, carry the sick and injured back to a *St. Yves* hospital-bed, occasionally to hold services for the dead. Twenty men were lost last season.

Mass—Pressed by hard work from dawn to dusk, these toughened Bretons sometimes forget that the rosaries around their necks were meant for prayer.

Aware of this, Father Yvon tries to take the place of watchful wives and parish priests.

Sundays, he sails up and down the banks, holding mass on each *chalutier* and *troismat.*

The rest of the day, he may join one of the numerous games of cards. No good Catholic would fish on Sunday.

Tho the Bretons to-day are not so religious as their grandfathers, they still observe good-luck charms and *tabu.* The sailor who makes the first catch must pour half a bottle of wine over the belly of the fish, which is thrown back to sea. Reason? Other fish will smell the wine, come closer in hopes of getting more. Likewise, odoriferous decks are supposed to lure fish.

Of these and hundreds of other harmless superstitions, Father Yvon is tolerant. His concern is to save the men from loneliness and from the atheism that has gripped their fiercely communistic and socialistic fellows at Douarnenez and Audierne, where the saints' names on the boats have been replaced by such designations as *Lenin, Libre Penseur, Lutte Pour Vie.*

Back in Brittany, until September, thousands of votive candles will flicker in granite shrines as women pray for their men.

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ONCE again the Propeller Club of the United States announces a nation-wide Prize Essay Contest for High School Students! The subject of the essay this year is "What the American Merchant Marine Contributes to the Prosperity of the Nation." Every high school student in the United States is eligible to enter the contest.

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VIGILANT VAULTS OF SACRED FACTS

Women Teach Men to Keep Secrets—Believe It or Not

Women have always kept secrets.

Take Eve: She may have given Adam away, but she never told the snake's story of how he found out about the Tree of Knowledge—and of course she asked him, because all women are curious.

Last summer in London, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin remarked that he had "never known of a leakage of information due to a woman," but that he had "known leakages through men who should have known a great deal better."

The newspapers are constantly proving both points. The President's Supreme Court decision came as a surprize to most of the Nation, but a woman had helped to formulate it and knew it inside out weeks, even months before,—Marguerite Le Hand, the President's private secretary.

Meeting last month, the Woman's Forum in New York made no secret of the fact that it could keep a secret. Jane Todd, member of the New York State Assembly, said she had been amazed to find secrets of closed sessions, at which she had been the only woman member present, frequently featured in Albany newspaper head-lines. "How did they get out?" she asked. "Why, a man. I know I didn't tell!"

Hard as Nails—A woman may look like a piece of porcelain, *i. e.*, Celeste Jedel, private secretary to Raymond Moley, and still be as hard as nails, where secrecy is concerned. Miss Jedel is small and delicate looking, fair-skinned, full-lipped and pink; her eyes are large and brown, hands thin and long, with a grip that is light, fragile and firm. At work, her large eyes squint half their size. Concentrating, she appears a contradiction — the sheltered young girl, but sinister.

She went to work for Professor Moley during her junior year at Barnard. He was quick to see the brittle quality of her thinking, clear logic of her reason, photographic powers of memory; the breadth and depth of her understanding of issues far beyond the reach of other students of her class. While still a student, she was set to work on the Seabury Investigation doing one of the outstanding pieces of analysis of the entire investigation. From then on, she was the Professor's *alter ego*. She knows what he is thinking, what his opinion on anything will be, what his reactions to people are, his manner of speech. So proficient is she that often she writes speeches for him in which not a word is changed. Her biggest job is keeping tab on her boss. She is present at all conferences of importance, the only ones she did not attend in Washington being those directly with the President. Consequently she knows all sorts of things not for the public —matters of policy, of politics and of people.

Secret Agent—The most dramatic rôle she ever played was that of secret agent during the World Economic Conference in 1933 when, at the age of twenty-two, she was put in charge of all the important documents belonging to the United States Delegation. She knew, in advance, most of the startling policies and laws advocated by the President in the early days of the Administration, but was so cautious she was never known to let anything slip. She finds it difficult to be natural with people and goes out of her way to make small talk so small that nothing will possibly escape her.

"We all know," said Frances M. ("Robby") Robinson, Gen. Hugh S. Johnson's right-hand woman, "that from Helen of Troy, the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia and Queen Victoria on down to recent times, women have had a part in shaping the destiny of nations."

"Robby" herself doesn't do so badly, with a $6,000-a-year salary as the best five-foot, 100-pound shadow old "Iron Pants" ever had. Red-headed, self-starting and stream-lined, this unusual "shadow" sees all, hears all, knows all—but tells nothing. She went to Washington some years ago as an attaché of the "Brain Trust," joining Professors Moley, Tugwell and Berle in their campaign of onward-and-upward. When the NRA was born, she became General Johnson's godmother, and has never left him since.

Still in her twenties, active, aggressive, shrill-voiced, witty and caustic, Miss Robinson sees that her boss eats properly, that he gets a hair-cut when he needs it, and that his bank-book balances.

The General calls her his "Manager," and in a press conference, if he pauses for a name, she supplies it in a murmur; if he hesitates over a statistic, she fills in the gap with the correct figure in so nearly his own voice that only those in the front row know she has spoken. It was her idea for the General to quit the NRA in a dramatic exit that would swell his prestige as a national figure.

"Missy" Le Hand is another skilled secret keeper. She has been personal, superconfidential secretary to Franklin Delano Roosevelt since 1920, when he was campaigning for the Vice Presidency. Slender, prematurely gray, alert as a dolphin, "Missy" handles the President's correspondence, makes appointments for and dismisses those who would take his time. She gives and takes advice from America's Man of the Age, and can joke with him as freely as a member of the family. She is familiar with the Arab proverb: "A secret is your blood; let it out too often and you die."

Secret Service—Anne Lesser was only seventeen when she discovered by accident her extreme talents for secret service work. She grew to be known as *Mademoiselle Docteur*, the "blonde demon spy," feared by many nations. During the War, she was in charge of the German spy organizations in France, Belgium and England. She taught men to keep secrets — showed them how when they forgot. A soldier once outsmarted her, so arousing her admiration that she took him into her employ. He made the mistake of betraying one of her spies on the strength of information possessed only by herself and him. Calling him into her office, she took a pistol from her desk and shot him dead.

Mata Hari was another. Rather than tell the secrets that were hers, she faced a firing squad bright-eyed and smiling. At the order to "Shoot!" she is said to have blown a kiss from her finger-tips to the gunners.

To-day, in peaceful America, Dorothy

Wide World

Frances Robinson . . . knows all, tells nothing

Pictures, Inc.

Mata Hari . . . death rather than disclose a secret

Pictures, Inc.

Celeste Jedel . . . porcelain mien, iron resistance

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U. Smith, slender, blonde and comely, looking like a mere slip of a girl just out of college, is an assistant Attorney-General of New York State, prosecuting cases involving illegal practise in professions licensed by the State.

Confidence, speed and accuracy comprise Miss Smith's creed, with special emphasis on confidence. Before she became an assistant Attorney-General, she was graduated from Marymount College and the Fordham Law School. She practised law in Brooklyn and was on the staff of the Securities Bureau of the Attorney-General's office before being assigned to the Education Department.

Major—Julia C. Stimson, as Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, U.S.A., and the only woman to hold the rank of major in the Army, probably knows more state secrets than she could tell in a forty-five-minute lecture, reeling them off, one by one.

She is tall and brusk and usually wears a military uniform in which she appears "every inch a major."

Major Stimson directed nursing in France during the World War and had charge of 22,000 nurses when the fighting was over. She spent twenty-five months in France with the Americans and British.

Mary Vail Andreas, of the Chase National Bank, is one of the outstanding women in her profession. She is assistant cashier at the main office of the bank and is ably assisting in the organization of the firm's new office to be opened in London. For her ability to keep her mouth shut and mind her own business, she has gone up the ladder of success with unusual rapidity. She was also a World War worker, and for her services in France and Armenia she received the first Distinguished Service Medal awarded by Congress to a woman.

At seventy, Mary Nixon has just retired from the War Department as chief of the coordination and record division of the office of the Secretary of War. She takes with her into her new life as a private citizen an alert mind filled with government secrets which she will never divulge. Her duties brought her in close contact with the Secretary of War, whom she served in a confidential capacity. She was entrusted with many important and confidential records and documents.

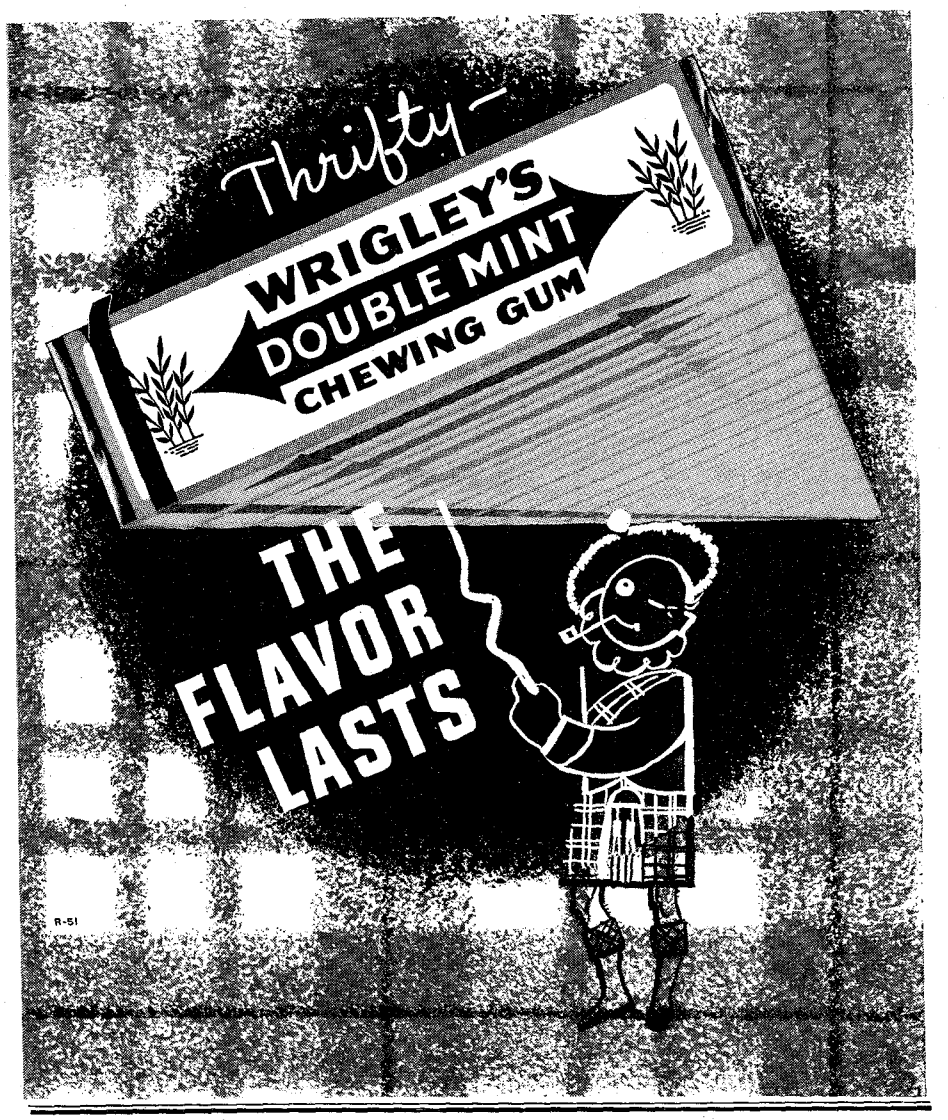
Apostle of Peace—Seventy-eight-year-old Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has kept it a dark secret whether she is a Republican or a Democrat. The most devoted and devout apostle of Peace, she says merely that she votes for the man she thinks is the best equipped for the job—but no one ever knows which man it is from any statement she makes.

One thing women always have been uniformly secretive about—and that is how old they are. W. L. Austin, Director of the Bureau of the Census of the United States, sighs:

"It has always been that way, and I suppose it always will be. Experience has shown that they generally do not mind revealing their ages up to twenty-five, or after they are thirty-five. It is those ten years between that create the secrecy."

Incidentally, Austin suggests a way to break them down. Here, gentlemen, is how:

Tell 'em you think they look about five years older than you really think they look. In indignation, they often, says he, "blurt out the truth."



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By HOWE P. COCHRAN

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that gain from the sale of stocks and bonds may be reported on the instalment basis?

that sales may be reported on "deferred payment" basis or in "instalment sales" basis at a large saving in taxes over a period of years?

that still greater savings may be effected by reporting some sales on one basis and some on the other?

that the proper letter of transmittal, with the return, would probably have prevented two of the largest individual tax cases ever tried?

that one man is now serving a long prison term largely because his tax attorney failed to add two words to a brief?

that men are now in jail on indictments that could have been dismissed had a plea of the statute of limitations been made?

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Courtesy Esquire

"HE SAYS THEY'VE STOPPED HAVING PICTURES"

—By Gardner Rea

Bank Night

"BINGO! — AW! NUTS": Movie Temples Lure Monday, Tuesday Patrons with Prize-Money

Mrs. Joseph Sebastian Phau, an adult white citizen of the United States, went to a motion-picture theater last Monday night. She paid a desperate quarter for an admission ticket, squared her ample shoulders and began the violent task of thrusting her way through 2,000 other citizens fired by a similar zeal.

No portentous film was to be screened that night. Indeed, the picture to be shown was of inferior quality. But *Mrs. Phau* didn't mind. It is doubtful if she ever knew what the picture was about, or cared. What brought her there was a 2,000-to-1 chance of going home with $150.

It was Bank Nite.

The motion-picture industry and the lower courts of America wish heartily the idea never had been born. The motion-picture industry has given away everything from china plates to furnished bungalows in the full heat of the prize vogue, the courts are virtually strangled by a mound of suits and counter-suits.

There are 15,000 motion-picture theaters in this country. In spite of the enormous business they do, Monday and Tuesday nights are murderous to the box-office. Managers have split their skulls trying to think of ways to lure *Mrs. Phau* and her kind into the cinema temples on the dead nights.

One manager did think of a way.

Prairie Fire — Charles Urban Yaeger, an assistant district manager for Fox Films theaters in the Rocky Mountain area, thought deeply and emerged clutching an idea. He organized a corporation, Affiliated Enterprises, and set alight the prairie fire that is Bank Nite.

Last week, in the New York area, two rival theater chains, Loew's and RKO, took a stand. They ordered Bank Nite and its weirdly titled stepchildren out of every theater in the Metropolitan circle. They had had enough, they sighed.

Bank Nite is no newer than lottery. It is a shrewd variant, theoretically protected from legal assault by the furnishing to customers of values beyond the actual sum in chance. Thus, for whatever the admission price may be, theater patrons get a regulation film screening—plus the Bank Nite prize. The theory has been supported in some courts, blasted in others.

Bank Nite, as such, works thus:

A patron buys an admission ticket, signs his or her name to a numbered slip. This name and number are transferred to a record book. The patron retains a duplicate slip. The numbers are scrambled in a bowl, barrel, box or other receptacle and a blindfolded person, ordinarily a supposedly disinterested child, is asked to draw one from the container. This number is called out. If the person holding a matching number is not present, the prize, plus added money, goes over to another week.

Three-minutes' time is given for the winner to appear. It is not necessary to be in the theater, but it is much safer. The courts have ruled that since the patron has not bought an outright lottery number, he can not be compelled to be present. Some wily managers cover up by announcing name and number from the marquee outside.

Court Wars—Bank Nite has been wheelbarrowed through the courts almost since its inception. Cries against it wax and wane, but most cities and States have thus far failed to get a definite legal ruling.

In Chicago, the Balaban and Katz Pantheon Theater went to court to test its own case, and thus establish a ruling for 238 other theaters in the chain. Connecticut has tried to declare it contrary to the State lottery law, but test cases in Stamford, Greenwich and New Haven have failed to produce exact rulings. New Haven did find it legal, but sends police and firemen around to check on overcrowding of theaters.

In June, 1936, 4,000 theaters from Coast to Coast were jammed by Bank Nite devotees. By last November there were 5,600 theaters enthusiastically enrolled in the enterprise and by January last, the number had passed 6,000.

With each increase, came a new torrent of suits, traffic jams, squeals of victory, profane sighs of losses.

The shrillest cries came from winners who weren't paid. Managers wriggled out by charging violation of the three-minute appearance rule. Last May a court in Brooklyn ruled that a theater has a contractual obligation to the winner, reversing a previous decision in Long Island City, New York, dismissing charges of a Laurelton, New York, woman that a Laurelton theater failed to pay her $450 she had won.

Most theaters do not try to evade payment. The box-office influx is too great to chance irritating the patrons. Denver, most prosperous of Bank Nite communities, has paid out more than $200,000 in prizes in two years. Top prize was $2,400. Denver also is the foundation seat of the "you mail me and six other guys a dime" game that crippled more postmen than any other game ever devised.

Top-prize for all time was reported in New York a few weeks ago: $3,500. At the rate of $100 a week enlargement, that meant no winners had showed up for many weeks.

Bank Nite has led to innumerable jests, along with its consequent heart-break. It has disrupted other businesses, caused cancelation of sports events, led rival theaters to ingenious counter-lures and mystified at least one Briton.

Last February 10 he returned to London to tell friends of a new American game called "Aw Nuts!" He said people sat around in a cinema theater while the management passed out cards. Suddenly one patron would cry "Bingo!" and the remaining patrons would cry, "Aw, Nuts!" His London friends thought it sounded amusing.

In the Middle West dismayed police uncovered a new racket. Hoodlums were attending theaters, spotting the winner and then hijacking him on the way home. Perryopolis, Pennsylvania, postponed four basketball games because they interfered with Bank Nite. In Syracuse, New York, a grocery and a boxing-club took up the notion of prize-giving. A Long Island church had to change choir practise nights, because the singers insisted on going to the Bank Nite theater, and one New Castle, Pennsylvania, film house gives out free meals in addition to the prize.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is the only city effectively to deal with Bank Nite. Pittsfield deals out Sunday film exhibition privileges by the week. It merely threatened to withhold the privilege from any theater taking up Bank Nite.

Sports

HUNTING - HAWKS: Falconry, Age-Old Sport, Finds New Enthusiasm in U. S.

Plummeting down on slower-flying game birds like modern pursuit planes, trained hawks have for at least forty centuries played the royal villain in the dramatic art of falconry. A source of food for hungry Chinese peasants of 2000 B.C., an

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"SIC 'IM, FALCON!"

—By Jo Metzer

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exclusive recreation for well-fed noblemen of medieval England, the ancient practise of hunting with trained falcons has never been very popular in this country.

But this year, a mild freshet of interest, stimulated by the lecture tours of Capt. Charles W. R. Knight, famed British falconer, may one day make the fast-vanishing, much-maligned American hawk as valuable as a pure-bred hunting-dog. Provided the species survives constant shotgunning by farmers who now look on it only as a dangerous pest.

Nowhere in the United States can a trained falcon be bought.

The prospective falconer must find his bird in the nest, train it, and then risk the chance of losing it the first time he sends it up on its own.

Training—The fierce, steel-taloned birds best suited to the sport refuse to breed in captivity. They must be caught on the jagged, hair-raising mountain-crags where they are born, preferably an hour before they are ready to make their first flight. Capturing an eyas, or fledgling hawk, involves a breath-taking descent by rope, the dangers of lacerating combat with indignant parent birds, and an equally painstaking haul back to safety.

Then the fun begins. For training a falcon is one of the most difficult businesses in the entire world of sport. And often the most disappointing.

Like pictures, falcons are developed in the dark room. An eyas is supersensitive to strange surroundings. Unless it is introduced to them slowly and cautiously, it develops the bad habit of darting at everything in sight. Falconers call it "bating."

In the dark room, a soft, snug, leather hood is fitted over the eyas's head. It takes days of patient handling to accustom the bird to the hood, but it's absolutely necessary. In the field, a hood over the eyes keeps the bird quiet. It isn't taken off until the falconer is ready to release the bird.

Caution—Slender leather strips called jesses, joining in a swivel to which a long leash, or creance, is attached, are tied to the young bird's legs. They serve much the same purpose as a dog leash. The final bit of paraphernalia is a tiny bronze bell on each leg. Now and then a falcon decides to hide from its master. The bells are a give-away: they can be heard a quarter of a mile.

To get a young falcon used to having people around, a training step known as "manning," requires prodigious patience. Sudden movements or loud noises often ruin a promising bird. One approved method of manning is to smoke a pipe in front of an eyas for seventy-two hours. The pipe-smokers work in shifts, day and night. Why? For one thing, the pipe-smoking impresses a young falcon with the constant presence of its master. For another, the smoke seems to have a calming effect.

Hawks are trained principally through the appetite. For the first two or three days, they aren't fed. Then, still in the dark room, the trainer gently touches the bird on one shoulder. As the bird's head darts around in retaliation, the trainer's other hand dangles a thin slice of meat before it. In that way, the falcon is taught to attack its food, rather than accept it calmly. Attacking food is a natural instinct, but it must be encouraged always. The first full feeding is done by candlelight. Gradually the bird gets more and more light until it will feed freely at high noon and not resist hooding or unhooding.

After a week or so of preliminaries, young falcons are introduced to the lure, most important of the training devices which are utilized. The lure is a heavy, weighted leather disk ornamented with two pigeon feathers.

Rations—Food is placed in the center and the lure is thrown a few feet away.

The first big moment in a falcon's higher education takes place when it is allowed to go after the lure without the jesses. Sometimes that's the last a falconer ever sees of his young student. But usually the bird comes back, an indication that it is ready for work in the field.

The first field test on live quarry, usually a pigeon, is called "entering." For a day or two before the hunt, the falcon is not fed. Then, on a clear day, it is taken to the middle of a large field, unhooded, and allowed to wing away in pursuit of a pigeon released some distance off by an assistant trainer.

Falconers have their own slightly screwy language for talking to their birds. As they release them they shout "Gaze ho!" or "Whoop away!" Farmers think it's all pretty nutty.

Tactics—At command, a goshawk, most efficient of all short-winged hawks, will dart away from its master's gauntleted wrist in direct pursuit of the quarry.

Not so with the peregrine, haughtiest and most ferocious of the long-winged type, and recognized as the most valuable of all birds used for falconry. A peregrine cruises at slightly more than a mile a minute. It can accelerate to 150 miles an hour. Known, with rare restraint, as "stooping," the peregrine's blazing dive is as impossible to escape as a perfectly-aimed bullet.

In the United States, there are many species of hawks available, or, at least, suitable for training as falcons: Goshawks, sparrow hawks, pigeon hawks (same as the European merlin), red-crowned, and sharp-shinned hawks. But the peregrine, known over here as the American duck hawk, is tops.

Females generally make better hunting falcons.

In all species of hawk, the female is three times larger and far more powerful than the male, or tiercel.

As for prey, the sky's not the limit. Grouse, pheasant, partridge, quail, ducks, woodcocks, snipe, herons, crows, gulls, blackbirds, thrushes, and the like are fair aerial game in Europe.

And in Asia falconers can swell the menu to include storks, owls, vultures and jungle fowl.

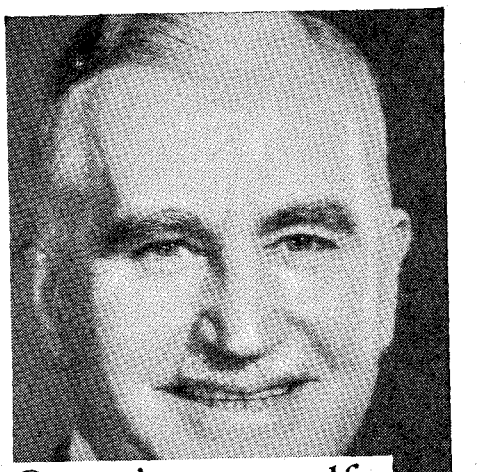
In this country, as abroad, there is plenty of ground game for sharp-eyed falcons. Foxes, snakes, rats, rabbits and chipmunks, for instance. Particularly with sparrow-hawks, which have eyes like telescopes.

A sparrow-hawk can nip off a chipmunk from 1,000 feet.

Clubs—Still a definite rarity in the United States, falconry clubs have been formed in two Eastern universities: Cornell and Pennsylvania. The Cornell club is handicapped by a New York State hunting law forbidding hunting with falcons, but its members still get a great kick out of the sport by working their birds on lures.

At the University of Pennsylvania, tho, the ancient art is expertly practised.

The club, formed largely through the



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Did you know that common winter discomforts grow more severe as the season advances? They're worse right now in March, for instance, than a few months ago. They also tend to *last longer* at this season than in the early part of winter.

In the words of a recent, scientific report: "Conditions lasting *longer than one week* occur oftener in March than in January, and more frequently in April than in December. From this it appears that people have less resistance to these conditions toward the end of winter than at the beginning."

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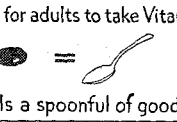

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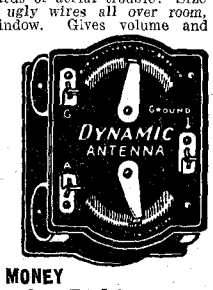

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efforts of Alva G. Nye, Jr., '37, 1935 All-American lacrosse player and varsity football end, has one of the best stocked cotes in the country.

Nye is one of the few falconry experts in America.

The recent death of the last surviving member of the Mollen family, of Valkenswaard, Holland, for centuries the world's foremost hawking equipment manufacturers, may make him one of the Western World's leading falconry tycoons. At present, most falcon fanciers import their equipment from India.

If falconry ever does achieve any prominence in America it will probably come largely as the result of air-plane designers' interest in the perfect streamlining of hawks' bodies and the efficient camber and proportion of their wings.

WIRED HARE: Greyhounds Never Fooled by Electrical Rabbit, But Bettors Are Not So Sure

Experienced racing greyhounds aren't fooled by the tantalizing mechanical rabbit they chase so madly and futilely. They know it's a fake, but they race after it, time and time again, just for the love of running.

Because betting is as instinctive to most Americans as running is to a well-bred greyhound, dog-racing has, within twenty years, bounded into a growing prominence best described by its $10,000,000 investment in tracks and its annual wagering "handle" of more than $20,000,000.

The juiciest slice of the betting melon is cut in Florida, where this week approximately 5,400 stream-lined greyhounds quartered at ten gaudy racing-plants are entering the home stretch of a three-month season that will undoubtedly top last year's *paris mutuels* figure of $15,079,203.

Like its horsy prototype, dog-racing's huge betting totals have produced the inevitable charges of crookedness leveled at every major gambling industry. Its illegality in all but a few States (Florida, Massachusetts, Oregon and Arkansas), its night-time atmosphere of high-powered theatricalism, and the utter impossibility of the average owner attempting to show a profit solely from the ridiculously small purses offered, haven't improved the sport's reputation.

Fixing—Gambling is, admittedly, the life-blood of greyhound racing. But doping dogs with aspirin, binding their toes together with horse-hair, overfeeding them just before a race, or otherwise indulging in the numerous "fixing" stunts familiar to the fancy are, equally admittedly, out of date.

To eliminate the possibility of running one dog under another's name, greyhounds are checked against their Bertillon identification cards, which detail markings, scars, age, sex, color of toe-nails, weight, and all other distinguishing characteristics.

The most prevalent method of "fixing," if such it can be called, is to send the dog to a few races in mediocre condition until the odds against its winning have soared, and then, in the hope of making a gambling coup, to work it into top form. Even that relatively air-tight dodge doesn't always click, tho, for greyhounds are as temperamental as human runners. Some nights they just don't feel like running.

Training—Like thoroughbred horses, greyhounds are trained from birth for racing, have a comparatively short track career, and are retired to the stud when they lose their speed.

An untrained pup brings from $50 to $150. Dogs and bitches are equally fast. But since bitches in heat are ruled off the track for six weeks, most owners prefer dogs.

Actual track training doesn't start until the dog is a year old. Usually, the dog is trained to chase a live rabbit first. The rabbit is given a head start down a walled-in straightaway, and the dog sent after it from a starting-box.

He rarely catches the rabbit, but the thrill of the chase whets his appetite for running.

Very few trainers run their dogs in competition before they are two years old. The dog is usually good for two years of racing.

In top racing condition a greyhound

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They're off! . . . greyhounds chase another fake rabbit

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weighs approximately sixty pounds, and stands from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches at the shoulder. At short distances it can outrun a horse, at top speed hits around forty-five miles an hour.

Not Dumb—Most people think a greyhound's undiminishing enthusiasm for chasing a mechanical rabbit it rarely or never catches is sheer dumbness. It isn't. Greyhounds will chase anything that moves quickly.

Young, inexperienced dogs will streak after the motor-propelled rabbit until it disappears at the end of the straightaway.

But experienced dogs will keep up the chase until they pass the judges' stand, then slow down. Sometimes they even turn around and jog back to their handlers.

They'll hardly ever run alone. They must have competition.

Whether chasing ostriches in South Africa, deer in South Wales, or mechanical rabbits in Florida, greyhounds run by sight, not by scent.

Hunting, they kill smaller game by sinking sharp fangs in its back and, with one quick shake, breaking its neck, a technique which doesn't work quite so well on the rare occasions when they overtake a race-track rabbit.

In spite of their slim, tapering builds, greyhounds are rugged and have plenty of stamina.

They eat meat, crumbled biscuits and vegetables. Like the comic-strip hero, *Popeye*, they like spinach.

Greyhound races are run at night, generally on a quarter-mile track. There are usually ten races every night, with eight dogs entered in each.

The eighth race is the feature of the evening, drawing dogs worth between $1,500 and $2,500.

Small Purses—The principal source of irritation to most of the owners of America's 10,000 racing greyhounds is the size of the purses. The National Coursing Association has a rule that at least $550 must be offered on a ten-race program, the amount for each race to be decided by track officials.

Owners contend it isn't enough. Until purses are materially increased, they say, dog-racing will continue to have a slightly shady reputation and will not have the open backing of wealthy sportsmen who, under other names, are operating extensive greyhound kennels.

Dog-tracks in Florida don't charge admission. But they collect 12 per cent. of the money shoved through the *mutuels* windows, plus the so-called "breaks" of odd cents in the pool pay-offs. (The breaks at two horse- and nine dog-tracks in Florida last year totaled $344,087.50.)

In percentages and breaks, track operators of the Miami Beach Kennel Club last year received $369,186.31. The total amount wagered at the Miami Beach plant was $2,844,103. Deducting the State's 3 per cent. levy, the rest, more than $2,000,000, went back to the winning bettors.

At some plants, such as the Revere Beach track near Boston, the purses are made up with 3 per cent. of the total bet on the races. On closing night last year, winning owners divided almost $10,000 on the ten races.

Fees—In States where dog-racing is illegal, such as New York, track operators can't offer any purses at all. Instead, the dogs run for walk-out fees. The owner gets from $6 to $10 for each dog entered. That's all. Consequently, he depends entirely upon the betting to make money. And occasionally resorts to practises not altogether to the best interests of the race-going public.

An offshoot of coursing (hunting live hares with greyhounds), which is banned in most States to-day, dog-racing in this country started in 1919 when the late Owen P. Smith invented an imitation rabbit which would run by electricity, and discovered that dogs would chase it as enthusiastically as a live one.

His first track, at Emeryville, California, was three-sixteenths of a mile in circumference. In 1920 he opened another track in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the first electrically-lighted plant for night racing in this country.

With the rapid development of American dog-racing, thousands of greyhounds were imported from England and Ireland, where the sport, under different conditions, has been vastly popular for centuries.

While a good American dog can, with luck, earn $10,000 in a lifetime, probably none will ever match the record established six years ago by a British greyhound, Mick the Miller.

Mick the Miller weighed sixty-six pounds. From 1929 through 1931 he earned 10,000 pounds sterling ($50,000) for his owners.

SPORT SHOTS

Because he could hit the ball far and often, George Herman (Babe) Ruth in 1930 and 1931 commanded the highest salary ever paid a professional baseball player ($80,000 a year, by the New York Yankees).

Not because he couldn't hit the ball far, but because he hit it too often, the retired baseball king last week failed to increase his lengthy string of athletic records when he lost to T. Suffern Tailer in the finals of the fourth annual Mid-Ocean invitation golf tournament at Hamilton, Bermuda.

Altho he consistently outdrove the former Metropolitan amateur champion by thirty or forty yards, Ruth's short game and putting were off, and Tailer defeated him, 6 and 5.

* * *

In New York City's cavernous 212th Coast Artillery Armory next Wednesday, more than 20,000 of America's 8,000,000 bowlers will compete for prizes in the thirty-seventh annual American Bowling Congress.

For fifty-one days and nights they will roll bowling balls down the twenty-eight specially-built alleys, will spend an estimated $3,000,000 for living-expenses and entertainment, and will return home April 30 with prize-money totaling $120,000.

Statisticians figure the teams and individuals will bowl 130,000 games during the tournament. Forty per cent. of the entries will get slices of the prize-money.

* * *

Ending a six-month fight to regain the amateur standing she lost soon after being dropped from the United States Olympic team last summer for violating training-rules, Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett, beauteous back-stroke swimmer, last week signed a $30,000 contract to appear in Cleveland's Great Lakes Exposition.

"I'd have given up this offer in a minute if the Amateur Athletic Union had voluntarily reinstated me," she said, "but I know they won't. If I'd apply for reinstatement, it would just mean slinging that Olympic mud all over again."

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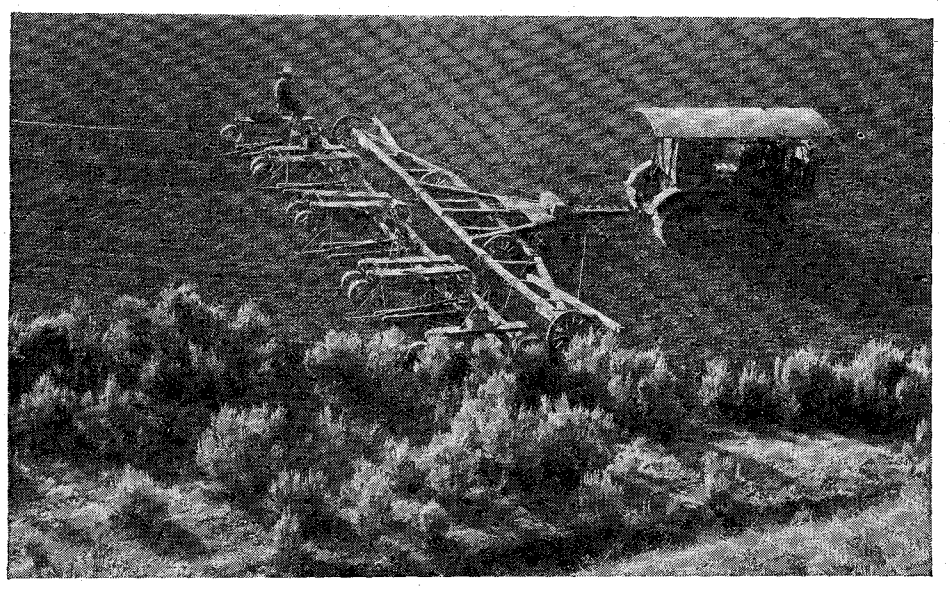
FARM IMPLEMENT DEMANDS INCREASE

Manufacturers' Earnings High as Tractors Supplant Horses

Farm equipment manufacturers know that the farmer can always feed himself. Sometimes, however, he can not feed the farm equipment industry.

When the Department of Agriculture estimated at the turn of the year that farmers' income in 1936 was only a slight 7 per cent. under the robust $5,700,000,000 of 1929, equipment men knew that their industry would be assured of bread and butter at least. And when the Department of Agriculture later pointed out that 1936 commodity prices were such as to provide farmers with their best purchasing power in thirteen years, then equipment manufacturers felt they could expect jam as well.



More efficient farm machinery brought healthy earnings to an industry that slumped

Last week, as cotton farmers streamed into equipment showrooms in the South and Southwest, dealers could wire their home offices in and near Chicago that producers had been quite right in gearing this year's production at 15 to 50 per cent. above that of 1936. In fact, early reports indicate that, in 1937, manufacturers may equal the $571,000,000 worth of equipment sales they made in 1929. Which is a sizable order, since to accomplish it they must top last year's sales of $435,000,000 by almost a third.

Helping them toward the goal this year are two vital factors: (1) the man in the field can spend more, (2) equipment men can offer more.

Small Equipment—For example: International Harvester Co., Number 1 equipment producer, and Deere and Co., closest rival, are now selling a light, one-plow tractor, suitable for use on small farms. To understand what this means to the industry, one must remember that some 2,800,000 farms of twenty to 100 acres are prospects for these tractors because use of the older, larger tractor has not been economical for the small farmer. Forty per cent. of all equipment sales are tractor deals, and almost half of all farms of 100 acres or more use tractors.

The man who grows the nation's wheat and cotton and corn and potatoes is a veritable *David Harum* when it comes to buying machinery. He has been told it eats up about ten cents of every dollar he gets for crops, so he drives a hard bargain for credit, for trade-ins. He asks many questions.

The farmer must be shown that the tractor will cost him less than his horse and mule. The equipment man argues: "Suppose you figured the cost of feeding a horse at $21.84 during the year of 1933 (based on a survey in Illinois). Last year, the same fodder would have cost you $81.03, a jump of almost 300 per cent. On the other hand, if you figured your tractor, fuel and lubrication costs for the same years, you would find tractor maintenance had jumped less than 33 per cent. And, instead of having to get up at 4 A. M. to feed your horses and having to spend more than two hours tending them through the day, you can sleep until 6, and then work as long as you need."

Horses Decline—A steadily growing army of farmers is being tempted and is succumbing. The Department of Agriculture estimates that horses and mules in 1920 supplied 21,000,000 horse-power on farms; tractors supplied 4,900,000 horse-power. In 1930, tractors supplied 22,000,000 horse-power; horses and mules, 17,200,000.

Equipment men, of course, do not lavish all of their sales talk on tractors. They are hammering home the fact that farm machinery generally has been improved greatly in the last several years. Silage cutters, the American Society of Agricultural Engineers has found, now can do twice the work they once did. The peg-toothed harrow does one-third more. Most implements are one-half to two-thirds more efficient.

All these factors make for sales. And sales are transforming the farm equipment company deficits of 1932, 1933 and, in some cases, of 1934 into healthy earnings.

Consider how the stock market has reflected this happy transformation.

International Harvester in 1932 sold at 10⅜; the price last week was 104. Similarly, in 1932 Deere and Co. common faded to 3½; last week it sold at 122. J. I. Case Co., Number 3 manufacturer of farm machinery, dropped to a 16¾ depression low; last week, the price was 163.

Deere and Co., which in 1876 sold $1,250,000 worth of equipment, and last year sold $71,500,000 worth, has been first to report 1936 earnings. Its figures show it earned $11,600,000, almost twice the $6,100,000 earnings of 1935 (1929 earnings: $15,000,000; 1932 losses: $5,000,000).

Steel Plow—Deere and Co. was founded by John Deere, a Vermont blacksmith who moved his forge to Illinois in 1837 and made farm history by fashioning a steel plow from an abandoned circular-saw blade. The plow shed a clean furrow in a sticky field, an achievement no plows at that time could equal. In 1846, John Deere laid out a foundry in Moline, Illinois, to manufacture his plow. Now the company he founded is still the Number 1 plow-maker of America. Also it supplements its plow-making with 600 different items from sulky rakes to cement mixers, pulleys at $1.50, hillside combines at more than $3,000. For about 40 per cent. of its sales, however, it relies on a two-cylinder tractor.

The company's bimonthly magazine, *The Furrow*, is read by 1,500,000 farmers. When mailed, each magazine is addressed by hand.

Together, International Harvester, J. I. Case Co. and Deere and Co. supply three-quarters of the American farm machinery market. The remaining 25 per cent. is shared by about twenty smaller companies.

PROLIFIC PEANUTS: "Mr. Peanut" Grows Up, Becomes Symbol of Huge Industry

"Mr. Peanut," as every one who reads trolley-car ads knows, wears a top hat, a monocle, cane and spats.

The monocle and cane are evidence that he is no longer the lowly goober of several decades ago, ridiculed as the "monkey nut" and dispensed hit or miss from corner fruit-stands. Now he is the symbol of a $10,000,000 industry: The Planters Nut and Chocolate Co. More than 100,000,000 pounds of him go into Pennant salted peanuts, into Jumbo nut bars, into peanut butter, peanut flour, *kosher* oil, and some twenty other products.

Soon he will go into house insulation as well. Already, Planters is steaming the peanut shell, packing it into blocks which will provide a material for cork for keeping homes and industrial buildings cool in summer, warm in winter.

No thought of top hats or spats troubled the creator of "Mr. Peanut" one wintry night in 1889. He blinked excitedly through a steerage port-hole as his ship slipped past the Statue of Liberty. He clutched a tag dangling from the top button of his ragged *giachetta*. Fellow passengers read the tag, chipped up car-fare, sent the stocky twelve-year-old Amedeo Obici packing to an uncle in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

To his uncle young Obici confided his plan for making a fortune in the new

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world: Buy a fruit-stand and peanut-roaster. And to attract attention to his peanut-roaster, he attached a whistle to the pipe from which the steam escaped. He was, as far as is known, the inventor of the peanut-stand whistle.

When a man tends a fruit-stand he has time to think. And young Obici after a while had an idea. Why not shell, salt and dress up the peanut in an attractive package?

What young Obici couldn't tell you then, but what sixty-year-old Obici can spiel off to you now, is that the peanut, which is not a nut at all but a legume like peas and beans, is—like a true nut—rich in fat. It is also rich in protein, and phosphorus, is a fair source of iron, and is rich in Vitamin B (the protein vitamin). In short, it is as prolific a source of food products as, say, wheat.

Showman—Young Obici's peanut-stand whistle proved he was a showman. That, however, was just a beginning. At about the time that Florenz Ziegfeld was beginning to glorify the American girl, Obici began in earnest to glorify the American peanut.

He rented an abandoned factory at $25 a month, bought a mule and a horse, hired four girls, one man. The man and girls shelled, blanched (removed skins), salted and packaged the peanut. With the horse and a ramshackle wagon, Obici staged parades. On the wagon which carted peanuts from the railroad station, Obici painted in gold letters, "Peanut Specialists." To the swarms of children that followed the wagon to the railroad station, Obici tossed bags of roasted peanuts. Several decades later, when Planters introduced its peanuts to England, Obici staged a parade all around London.

Obici's accent on youth during Planters' early history bore prompt results. The children took their free peanuts home to parents and demand for nickel packages of Pennant peanuts grew. Children not only provided Planters with increasing sales, they even gave Obici the symbol for his business, Mr. Peanut. At Suffolk, Virginia, in 1916, Obici posted a five-dollar prize, asked schoolchildren to suggest a character symbolizing his peanut business. To the winning drawing of a peanut pod embellished with legs and head, Obici added the top hat, cane and spats. Thus the peanut took on swank. Even his peanut oil, Obici has dubbed "Hi-Hat Peanut Oil."

Earliest promotion efforts revolved about children. For ten empty wrappers of nut bars or salted peanuts, young consumers could obtain a story and paint book with outlined drawings. More than 2,500,000 such books have since been mailed.

Advertising—In twenty-five years, Planters has spent $5,000,000 on advertising. Now the company spends $500,000 annually, $100,000 of which pays for a 6,700-lamp Times Square (New York) electric sign. Obici held that advertising is as important to peanuts as it is to cigarettes. Planters' 200 stockholders, mostly officers and employees, quite agree. Since 1910, their $100 par common stock has yielded an uninterrupted 10 per cent. dividend yearly. Meanwhile, Obici's meager factory has blossomed into a super industry with plants and warehouses at Suffolk, Wilkes-Barre, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Atlanta, Memphis, and Toronto, Canada.

Obici's conduct of the peanut business

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would delight the heart of a meat-packer. Nothing is wasted.

First of all, the peanut is in the habit of blooming above ground and bearing its seed-pods below the surface. In the fall, the grower digs up a whole vine of peanuts which, in their raw stage, are soggy and as unfit to eat as raw potatoes. American production is now about a billion pounds yearly, of which Planters uses a million pounds. World production is about 20,000,000,000 pounds, mostly in China and India.

The peanut begins its travels through the highly mechanized Planters factories at the rotary sheller. This machine strips him of his coating by a gentle mauling pressure, spews the shell out as a by-product, sends the naked peanut-pod hustling to salters, candy-mixers, crushers or roasters.

If it is Mr. Peanut's fate to be salted down for sale in a five-cent sack (salted peanuts are the company's standby, yield 70 per cent. of sales volume), he is moved off to machines equipped with photoelectric cells (electric eyes), which sort him out with as sure a touch as that of a human hand. Other machines blanch him, boil him in oil, which helps make the salt stick. Packaging machines "count out" the peanuts, pour them into bags. Planters manufactures its own packages, one million a day. It also prints its own labels, wrappers, makes its own cartons and crates. Obici installed printing-presses to handle designing of packages and labels, even before Planters owned a cleaning plant.

Oil—Fifteen per cent. of Planters peanuts wind up in Jumbo peanut bars. It is in the remaining 15 per cent. that Planters parades its frugality and alertness.

Obici, pondering his Italian-American countrymen's ample use of olive-oil, decided a refined peanut-oil would find a large market. The company instigated researches four years ago and developed a peanut-oil for cooking and salad dressing. Planters declares its peanut-oil contains 92 per cent. of the ingredients to be found in olive-oil, and in addition, is lighter. An estimated 10,000,000 consumers, mostly in metropolitan centers like New York, now use Planters peanut-oil, marketed by the Planters Edible Oil Co.

Now Planters is making a *kosher* peanut-oil as well by retaining rabbis to inspect production.

To obtain the oil, Planters subjects raw peanuts to a pressure of about six tons to a square inch, thus obtaining all except an estimated 7 to 9 per cent. of the oil in the peanut.

By pressing and drying what is left of the peanut after the oil-presses get through with it, Planters then obtains peanut-flour and peanut-cake and peanut-meal, which is sold as fodder for hogs and cows. Peanut-butter is obtained by grinding roasted peanuts. Ground peanut-hulls are used as an abrasive for silverware and some peanut by-products wind up in cosmetics and soaps.

Peanut Capital—In his first six years in the peanut business, Obici learned people would pay the relatively high price (at that time) of a nickel for salted peanuts. He also learned he could not continue in business unless he had access to raw material, since speculators held him up as demand for Planters products grew, and the company had to pay tribute in order to avoid curtailing production.

Acme

Amedeo Obici would glorify the American peanut

Obici in 1912 therefore purchased land in Suffolk, the heart of the peanut country, and eventually built thirty-six cold-storage plants capable of storing 600 carloads of peanuts. Suffolk thus became the peanut capital of the world.

At Driver, Virginia, near his peanut capital, Obici, stout and bald, devotes his spare time to the rôle of gentleman farmer. At his Bay Point farm, he raises Holsteins. And among his friends it is a standing joke that the man who made a fortune from peanuts can not make money from raising cattle.

Obici has a right-hand man, Mario Peruzzi, Vice-President and Treasurer. Like his boss, Peruzzi was an Italian immigrant boy, born fifteen miles from Obici's birthplace in Italy. They met when Obici wandered into a grocery shop in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, and found Peruzzi wiping off a big Sweitzer cheese. Eventually, Peruzzi married Obici's sister Elizabeth, became his boss's brother-in-law.

He also became the idea man, the director for sales and advertising, while Obici remained the manufacturer.

Like a good advertising man, Peruzzi seizes every opportunity to talk about peanuts and to defend them against detractors. The ridicule heaped on the peanut is a sore point with him. Before the Wilkes-Barre Rotary Club he once pounded the speakers' table and shouted:

"If many of those who so abuse it (the peanut) could achieve only a small portion of its importance in their respective vocations, they would amount to something worth while."

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Wall Street brokers found reason to smile last week, when their Federal overseer, the Securities Exchange Commission, intimated that regulation of their private stock market dealings would prove milder than they had feared. However, the smile faded when the SEC announced the trading rules which the big stock exchanges will be required to set up and enforce promptly.

Like the general public, Exchange members are to be prevented from "daylight trading" on a shoe-string, and from making quick turns in the market without putting up margin. Even tho their morning-bought stocks are sold out before the end of the same day, they will be required to deposit full 55 per cent. margin for them before the afternoon is over, and so to show that they were financially able to finance their entire market operations. This is the curtailment of trading power that many a Wall Street trader had hoped would be avoided in the end. The SEC, however, is obviously determined to prevent overtrading and undue influencing of prices by the professionals of the exchanges no less than by the public itself.

"The whole theory," frankly explains Chairman James M. Landis of the SEC, "is to restrict easy 'in and out' trading of members off or on the floor." Naturally, that is precisely what Wall Street and all its provinces have been wanting to escape.

* * *

For itself and 140 subsidiaries in the United States and Canada, North American Co. (billion-dollar utility holding corporation) quietly made registration last week with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Thereby it wholly abandoned its previously vigorous opposition to the Federal Holding Company Act.

On the same day, in Washington, North American Co.'s Number 1 man, dapper Chairman Harrison Williams, suavely told the SEC how he turned from manufacturing bicycles in 1906, and in the next twenty-three years pyramided an investment of slightly more than $2,000,000 into utility securities having a market value of $680,000,000.

Among profiteers in the public utility field, Harrison Williams has long been outstanding. Chiefly, his great fortune, which reached its top in 1929, was the result of investment and reinvestment in utility company securities that were split up and resplit and split again while they were gaining popularity with the public and rising rapidly in price during the boom years of the 'twenties.

Central States Electric Corp. stock, for example, was split sixty for one between 1924 and 1929, and Mr. Williams owned 90 per cent. of its 8,723,368 shares. In those days, some public utility stocks sold for as much as forty-five times their earnings. One who bought North American for $50 a share could have realized $3,000 a share at its peak price.

To SEC inquisitors last week, Mr. Williams declared that such rises in utility company market values were no more than normal in relation to what happened to the stock market as a whole. With respect to the shares of his own companies, he insisted that they would have climbed quite as high as they did even if he had never traded in them for his own account.

* * *

The Budapest Chamber of Commerce has protested to the Hungarian Government concerning the formation of a society of 200 small business men, professional men and skilled workers aiming to exchange goods and services without the use of money. Doctors, lawyers, owners of sporting-goods shops, boarding-house keepers and a travel agency have joined the society, which the Chamber fears will disrupt business if extended.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

around this by calling their machines games, window displays, or something equally misleading.—*Editor.*

The Magazine

By E. S. KNIGHT—

I heartily indorse the many tributes so adequately expressed in your correspondence columns. THE LITERARY DIGEST is a splendid weekly, comprehensive and absorbing.

May I suggest that you encourage your readers to use the pages of your magazine to compile individual "Modern Encyclopedias"? There is fundamental informative material in every issue and I have already arranged a reference file from DIGEST pages, which seems to indicate that only slight changes in the present set-up would suffice. If articles of similar interest were finished complete on their respective pages and perforations permitted prospective encyclopedia-makers to easily remove the features, they could file them away systematically each week under medicine, science, sports, and so on.

My enthusiasm is easily understood. THE LITERARY DIGEST intrigues the imagination and provides excellent mental stimulus. Crisp, concise language is always refreshing, and the subject matter is of exceptional value. Gentlemen, such pages can not be consigned to the waste basket, nor can we search through months of accumulated issues to find one particular article. We need some method of filing the pages away.

Victoria, B. C., Canada.

We are taking into consideration Mr. Knight's excellent suggestion.—*Editor.*

Supreme Court

By D. J. MORAN—

Concerning your comment on Richard Marlowe's letter in the issue of January 30, let me quote a letter of George Washington to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, of November 10, 1787.

Concerning the delegates and the Constitution, he wrote: "I do not think we are more inspired, have more wisdom, or possess more virtue than those who will come after us. The power under the Constitution will always be in the people. It is entrusted for certain defined purposes and for a certain limited period, to representatives of their own choosing; and whenever executed contrary to their wishes, they can, and undoubtedly will, be recalled."

Interesting, is it not? . . . The Constitution executed to suit the people, who can recall unfaithful representatives, send others who will act according to their wishes. . . . Did Washington ever dream of what we have now, a Supreme Court dictatorship?

Hammond, Indiana.

By C. M. JANSKY—

Mr. Marlowe is on firm ground when he insists that the Constitution prescribes limits to the powers of the majority. A reading of the Constitution will show that it, together with the laws passed in conformity therewith, constitutes the supreme Law of the Land.

Who is to determine whether an act of Congress is in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution—the Supreme Court, or the electorate? It makes no difference if there are a dozen schools of thought. The people have, by adopting the Constitution, delegated the interpretation and application of that document to the Supreme Court and no other body.

You may call our form of Government what you will, but it is not a pure democracy, and the acts of the majority must remain circumscribed so long as the Supreme Court remains supreme. If the decisions of the courts are not to be the Law of the Land, what is? Election returns?

Madison, Wisconsin.

By ELLIS R. HAWKINS—

Upon reading the Editor's comment following the published letter of Richard Marlowe concerning the true functions of the Supreme Court, I was surprized to find that THE LITERARY DIGEST was willing to accept the anomaly that the Supreme Court Justices should "adjust their mental processes to a rapidly changing world" and base their interpretations and conclusions of law "on whatever people wish to construe them as being."

Is not every judicial officer in the United States bound by oath to support the Constitution? Does the sanctity of an oath carry no meaning whatever to those who would pervert the adjudication of justice and law merely to serve the whims of their mental process? If this be the rule of procedure, then law ceases to exist as a basis for controlling the conduct of human society, and the destiny of the people ultimately must revert to the guidance of a master's lash and hand.

Our Constitution and the courts under it proved elastic enough to permit the people, through due process of law, to close the saloons throughout the land and later permit them to open by a simple and orderly mandate of the people. This, in itself, should demonstrate convincingly that our form of Government is sufficiently elastic to serve advanced progress and the changing trend of public opinion. At the same time, the Constitutional safeguards for the liberties and freedom of the people still remain inviolate in the Law of the Land.

Los Angeles, California.

By E. L. SENN—

. . . You say there are two schools of thought regarding the proper function of the Supreme Court.

There is a third view, not included in your comment, which is held by a large number of American citizens. It is that the true functions of the Supreme Court are to determine whether the statutes enacted by present-day majorities come within the limits prescribed by fundamental laws drawn up by those who founded this nation. The Constitution itself prescribes how these fundamental laws may be changed. But until they are thus properly changed, the citizens of the United States are justified in demanding that the statutes now enacted shall be within the limitations described by this pact. It was primarily for the purpose of determining whether subsequent statutes come within the prescribed limitations that the Supreme Court was created.

If present-day legislative majorities are to have final authority in determining whether legislation is constitutional, there is little need for a Supreme Court, none for a Constitution.

Deadwood, South Dakota.

Were the language of the Constitution concise, explicit and unmistakable on every present-day point raised before it, few would cavil with the views of Messrs. Hawkins, Jansky and Senn. Since, however, the Constitution was written more than a century and a half ago by men who had never heard or dreamed of such things as interstate commerce, public utilities and collective bargaining, the Law, as Chief Justice Hughes has so frankly put it, is "what the judges say it is."

Does it not follow that the judges *can*, if they wish, "adjust their mental processes to a rapidly changing world," particularly in cases where the language of the Constitution is so vague as to permit of more than one interpretation? The very word "interpretation" as used by Mr. Jansky, it seems to us, dissipates the theory that every single matter that comes before the Court can, by the specific language of the Constitution, be promptly and automatically labeled "constitutional" or "unconstitutional."

As for Mr. Jansky's contention that the people "have delegated" certain powers to the Court alone—no person now living delegated any powers to any court. Like the Constitution, they were inherited.

Probably not every one would agree with Mr. Jansky's statement that ours is "not a pure democracy." Possibly there are those who would incline to Washington's view that "the power under the Constitution will always be in the people."

For our part, we feel very strongly that if the election returns can have no bearing whatsoever on the Law of the Land—then we not only have not a pure democracy—we have no democracy at all.—*Editor.*

Allusions

By CHARLES WOODWARD—

It is always pleasant for a reader to run across an historical allusion that is familiar to him; and for a writer to make such allusions, which will arouse a sense of self-flattery in the reader, is, no doubt, a good literary device. Perhaps this was your intention in saying in the article "The New Deal Versus the Old Courts" that "once before a President neglected to take the American people into his confidence . . . a year later, an obscure small-town editor swept that President's Party from power." But there are many of your constant readers besides myself, I am sure, whose fund of historical knowledge was overdrawn.

It is disconcerting and annoying to begin what we take to be an informative article and to be let down in the end, sorely puzzled and uncomfortably in the dark. May I ask, who was the President to whom you allude, and who was the small-town editor?

Los Angeles, California.

President Wilson neglected to take the American people into his confidence on the subject of the League of Nations. In 1920, his Party was swept from power and Warren G. Harding, who opposed linking the League of Nations with the Peace Treaty, was elected President. Before he became Senator, Harding was Editor and Publisher of the Marion (Ohio) *Star.*—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

That more than $20,000,000 is wagered annually on greyhound races? (See page 38.)

That a woman kept the secret of the President's court plans for months? (See page 34.)

That tough meats, soaked in the juice of the papaya, become very tender within an hour or two? (See page 17.)

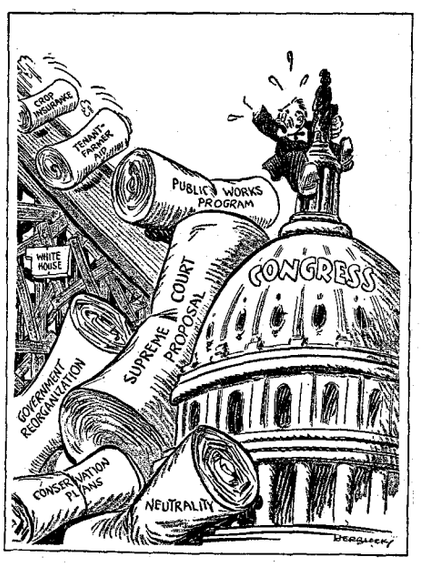
That the woman secretary's first rule for success is to get to work a few minutes early? (See page 26.)

That the ancient sport of falconry is gaining such interest in the U.S. that two universities have falconry clubs? (See page 36.)

That Hollywood health experts forbid diets, prescribe exercise to take off extra pounds? (See page 18.)

That Diego Rivera, the Mexican painter, has done literally miles of murals, besides thousands of canvases and water-colors? (See page 25.)

That the coauthors of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" earn between them more than $75,000 a year? (See page 28.)



"HEY! WHOA! WAIT A MINUTE!"

—Herblock in Troy Record

"ET TU BRUTE!"

—Elderman in Washington Post

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BETWEEN the LINES

Last fall, THE LITERARY DIGEST scratched a Russian and found a Tartar. Out to get a story about the effects of post-repeal drinking on American youth, the Education Editor found a story and a half.

To 2,950 college Presidents, Editors of college papers and high school authorities went letters asking for the facts about drinking on their campuses.

Just before Christmas, replies began to bulk in DIGEST holiday mail. When first-hand information was all on tap last week, there were 700 letters to study. From these, a box-score of 581 reports was collated.

The first comprehensive survey of this problem since Repeal appears on Page 3 of this week's DIGEST.

Jokes about peanuts are getting stale. Today, the once-despised and derided "monkey nut" goes to news-stands in crisp cellophane or lands in groceries vacuum-packed in tins and glass jars.

It all started when THE DIGEST'S Assistant Financial Editor went into a delicatessen to buy some olive oil for salad dressing. The proprietor was sorry, he was "fresh out" of olive oil; perhaps the war in Spain made it hard to get.

But why not try peanut oil? The financial writer hadn't heard of peanut oil, but he knew the little fellow trade-marked on the can: An elongated goober, top-hatted, monocled and bespatted, labeled *Mr. Peanut.*

Standing for the Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Inc., *Mr. Peanut* signifies a $10,000,000 enterprise dominating the boom business done with one of Dixie's staple crops. Headquarters aren't down South, but in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where the Planters President started a peanut-stand in 1889 as a twelve-year-old fresh from Italy.

The Wilkes-Barre correspondent for United Press spent four days talking over peanuts with experts. Finished, he sent sixteen closely-typed pages to THE DIGEST. That wasn't enough, and a second dispatch cleared up more essential facts.

New York offices of Planters helped with additional details of branch-management problems. From Suffolk, Virginia, "Peanut Capital of the World," came data on growing and processing of peanuts, complete with pictures. Then the financial writer whipped into shape 1,500 words telling how the Great Goober Empire grew.

A good deal of work for only two stories? Perhaps that is why THE DIGEST has been first for nearly half a century.

The Literary Digest

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Boushall—Richmond (Va.) banker—as if spelled *boo'shall.*

Hagbard Brase—composer and conductor — call him *hahg'bard brah'say.*

Brasol—lawyer, author, criminologist—as if written *brah'zol.*

Garet Garrett—economic and financial writer—two top floors; or, *garret garret.*

Gershwin—composer—"*e* as in *earl*, *i* as in *inner*": *gersh-win.*

Vladimir Karapetoff—electrical engineer, inventor, musician—calls himself *vlah-deem'ir kahr-ah-pet'off.*

Massue—operatic tenor—just *mas-soo.*

Moiseiwitsch—pianist—stress second syllable: *moy-say'vitch.*

Pach — artist, author — rimes with *Bach.*

Strathcona — British Baron — stress second syllable: *strath-co'na.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Cows Crowd in Office With Two Guns and Full War Paint.—*Philadelphia paper.*

No contented cows, they.

Ad Wolgast came next. The Cadillac Dutchman was tougher than standing hickory in January. Fought from behind a couch.—*Los Angeles paper.*

The coward.

After eating the men, women and children were taken in a Tennessee Coach Co. bus to the old Y. M. C. A.—*Knoxville (Tenn.) paper.*

Cannibalism in Tennessee.

Lindberghs Land In Egyptian Dessert.—*Yankton (S. Dak.) paper.*

That's pudding it mildly.

For the occasion Mrs. Hamber wore a lovely gown of violent crepe.—*Victoria (B. C.) paper.*

Give us a good frenzied crepe any time.

From 20 to 22 tons of wet seaweed are required to make a ton of help.—*Hackensack (N. J.) paper.*

We prefer an ounce of prevention.

Fast growth is more important to animals than to other flowers, because they have so little time to reach maternity.—*Covington (Va.) paper.*

Stet.

The reported landing of Italian troops near Malaga from an Italian warship was a fragrant violation of Italy's non-intervention pledges.—*Boston paper.*

Transgression is sweet.

Above is the first official portrait made of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, in full regalia, since their accession to England's throne following the abduction of George's brother, the former King Edward VIII.—*Des Moines (Iowa) paper.*

There may be some truth in that.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Wow!—"Was that a silent cop I just ran over?"

"He isn't now."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

Who Won?—"Who was the last man to box John L. Sullivan?"

"The undertaker."—*The Kablegram.*

Swish—BOXER: "Have I done him any damage?"

DISGUSTED SECOND: "No, but keep swinging. The draft might give him a cold."—*Montreal Star.*

F.O.B.—A Negro minister was preaching on the horrors of hell. "There will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," he prophesied.

"But ah ain't got no teeth," moaned Mandy.

"Teeth will be furnished," the minister assured her.—*Pennsylvania Ploughman.*

Prizes!!—Open this magazine at random and select a word. Double the number of the page and multiply by 346,521. Add 5. And if this is all you have to do, you would be far better off taking a nap.—*Weekly News (Auckland, N.Z.)*

Charity—Little Edgar, sitting next to his mother in church, complained that he felt unwell. His mother told him to slip out. This he did, but returned.

"Why didn't you go home?" asked his mother.

"I was going," answered the brave little lad, "but on my way out I saw a box labeled 'For the Sick.' "—*Weekly News (Auckland, N.Z.)*

So There—A man and his wife were driving back into town after an evening at a roadhouse. Suddenly the wife spoke up: "What're you doing? Watch out for those cars. You're too close!"

"Are you nuts?" asked the husband.

"Nuts? hoddya get that way?"

"Well," said the husband, "you're driving."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Heh Heh!—Two gentlemen, strangers to each other, chanced to be wandering farther and farther down the darkening corridors of an ancient picture gallery. One of them, shivering slightly, said: "Rather spooky, isn't it?"

"Do you believe in ghosts?" countered the second.

"No," said the first speaker, "do you?"

"Yes," said the other—and vanished.—*Alexander Laing in the Haunted Omnibus, via World Digest.*

Yaah!—Along a country road came a $7,000 limousine. As it caught up with the small car, the owner of the big car could not resist the temptation to slow down and jolly the other driver a bit.

"Heavens, man," he said, "what is it about your car that makes such a dreadful rattling sound?"

"That? Oh that's the $6,500 jingling around in my pocket," said the small car driver.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Lost—She came into the police station with a picture in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "Here is his picture, I want you to find him."

The sergeant looked up from the photograph.

"Why?" he asked.—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

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